JOHN BULL, week ending May 9, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1873

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SCANDAL OF CARELESS TALK

THE HITLER MYTH By A.G.G.

CHASED BY A RED-HOT BOMBER

Make the MOST of MILK

Here's the way to make cocoa with a minimum amount of milk. For each cup you mix a teaspoonful of cocoa and a little boiling water with 1½ teaspoonfuls of sugar into a thick paste. Then fill up with boiling water and finally add two or three teaspoonfuls of cold milk.

Used in this way Bournville Cocoa helps to eke out your limited milk supplies.

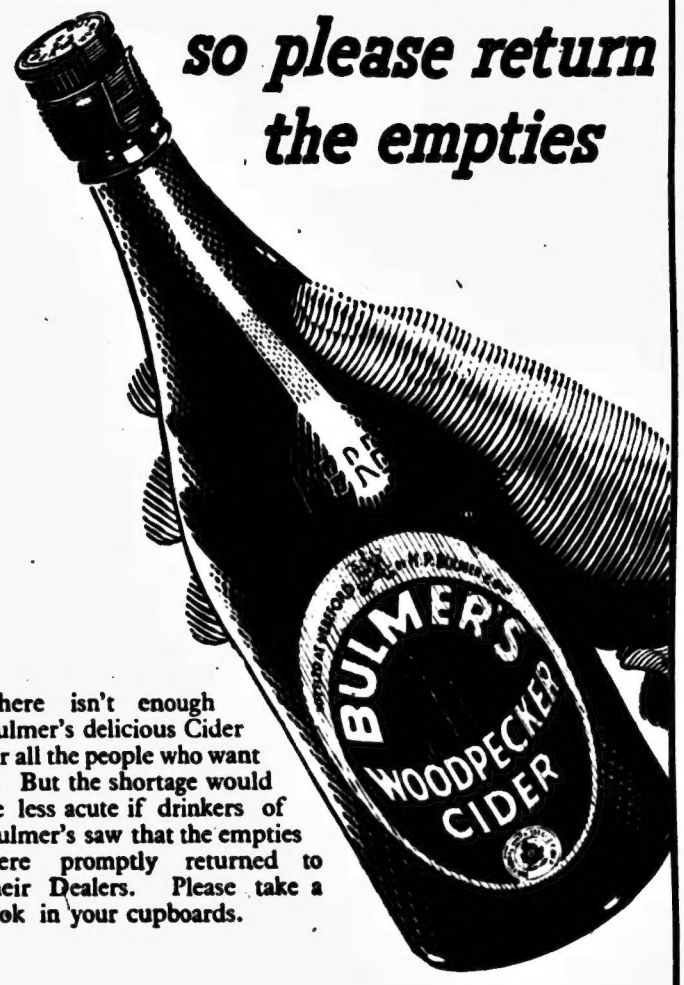
BOURNVILLE COCOA 5D

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE. PER ¼ LB.

'Best save a tin To put it in!'

Bottles are difficult to get

so please return the empties



There isn't enough Bulmer's delicious Cider for all the people who want it. But the shortage would be less acute if drinkers of Bulmer's saw that the empties were promptly returned to their Dealers. Please take a look in your cupboards.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

royal 38d

Family Pride

BRITISH wines, like the most illustrious *Château This* or the dustiest *Maison That*, come from the same antecedents—they begin with the juice of the grape.

There's no mystery about British wines. Because grape juice is difficult to transport in bulk without fermentation it is concentrated before shipment and restored to its natural condition on arrival. In this way its native character is retained. From there on the process of producing, maturing and bottling goes on in this country in accordance with time-honoured method. Needless to say, supplies are necessarily pretty severely curtailed since limited shipping space must also meet other heavy demands just now.

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Producers vintnery in Surrey since the early days of the century. The British wines bottled by VINE PRODUCTS *include* V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE *and* V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, *all at 5/6 a bottle.*

The Family Physician

The Pick-me-up for you

Are you aware of the pick-me-up powers of Phensic?

Next to sleep, which is incomparably the finest pick-me-up for a really tired man or woman, I should without hesitation recommend a couple of tablets of Phensic.

By its power to release fresh mental and physical energy Phensic dispels brain-fag and revivesthat inner willingness to work upon which so much depends.

This pleasant renewal of energy is not followed by depression. But when the time for sleep comes you will sleep soundly and well.

The explanation is as follows:—Phensic is diuretic. It expels from the body by way of the kidneys the poisons or toxins of weariness, irritability, dullness, brain-fag which are constantly assembling in your bloodstream.

Phensic is the quickest and safest. Get some from a chemist. 3½d., 1/4 and 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax.*)

This Week's

FOOD FACTS

"Man-about-Kitchen"

Now that thousands of wives and mothers are helping in the factories, or evacuated to the country, many men are having to do their own cooking. No wonder they ask their women-folk for easy recipes! Here is a suggestion that will help to solve the problem of next Sunday's dinner or supper during the week.

PATHFINDER PUDDING

Time: Preparation 15 minutes, cooking 1½ hours. *Ingredients:* Suet pastry (6 ozs. national flour, 1 oz. suet, 1½ ozs. shredded, uncooked potato, ½ teaspoonful baking powder, ½ teaspoonful of salt, water to mix). Filling (2 lbs. cooked parsnips, ¼ lb. shredded cheese, 1 chopped, uncooked leek, 3 teaspoonfuls salt, ½ teaspoonful mustard, pepper). *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Mix the suet pastry. Roll out ¾ of the pastry to line a greased basin. Mix the parsnip, cheese, leek, mustard, pepper and salt together. Put into the lined basin. Roll out the remaining ¼ of pastry to form a lid. Put this on to the pudding, cover with upturned saucer, and steam for 2½ hours.

THE WISE HOUSEWIFE: 1. Shops early. 2. Carries her own parcels and takes her own wrapping. 3. Saves fuel, light, and time. 4. Keeps her family healthy by giving them at least one uncooked, and one correctly cooked vegetable every day. 5. Uses vegetable water for cooking.

Don't forget to listen to the Kitchen Front on the Radio every morning at 8.15.

MR. A writes: "I want a stove-top dish which doesn't need fiddling about with." *Try this simple recipe, Mr. A.:—*

BRISKET OF BEEF

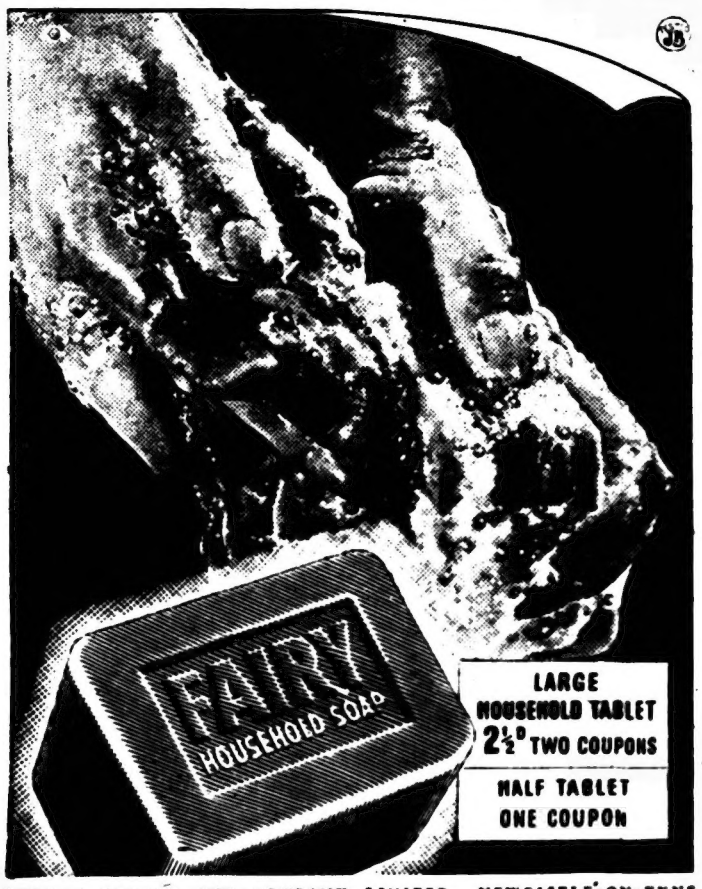
Time: Preparation 30 minutes. Cooking 2 hours. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. stewing steak, 1 lb. mixed vegetables (carrots, turnips, parsnips), a knob of dripping or margarine, a level tablespoonful national flour or oatmeal, salt and pepper. *Quantity:* 2 helpings.

Method: Wash and cut up vegetables. Cut meat into small pieces and dip in flour, salt and pepper mixed together. Heat fat in a large saucepan, brown meat on both sides, take it out, and put in layer of vegetables. Put back the meat, cover with rest of the vegetables, and add boiling water to cover. Put on pan lid, simmer for 2 hours. Put in 2 scrubbed potatoes half an hour before serving.

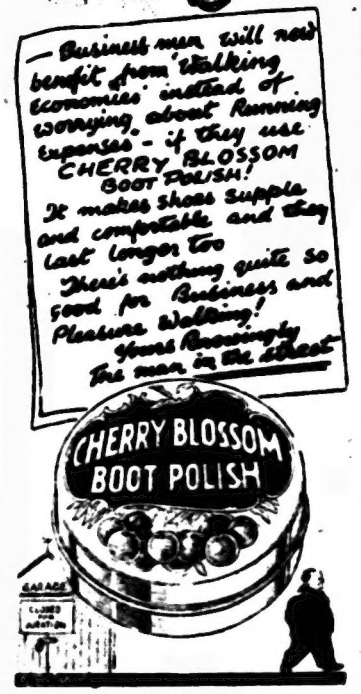
"And if you don't mind prolonging the war, I know just where you can get . . ."

FOOD FACTS No. 93. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

WASHING JOBS ARE EASIER - LOVELY HANDS ARE SAFER WITH FAIRY SOAP



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE


—Business men will not benefit from 'talking economies' instead of worrying about Running expenses - if they use CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH!
It makes shoes supple and comfortable and they last longer too
There's nothing quite so good for Business and Pleasure Walking!
Yours Knowingly
The man in the street
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH

DRI-PED WELD LEATHER
SHOE REPAIRS
Double wear is worth having and in DRI-PED you get it.
WATERPROOF SOLE LEATHER with the DOUBLE WEAR

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 9, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

MASTER PLAN

ONE voice, one policy, one plan!

The United Nations need to translate that slogan into fact. They must speak with one voice, conform to a single policy and act according to a master plan.

Thus, and thus only, will the United Nations become a real organisation instead of a pleasant phrase.

Combine and Concentrate

They must combine in practice as in theory to benefit by their overwhelming resources and their ever-increasing armed strength.

There must be no more pulled punches, no wastage of great opportunities, no dissipation of supplies in fighting hopeless battles.

Now all our power must be concentrated on those sectors of the World Front where we have the most to gain.

Speeding the Peace

Let that be done and Victory will be more than sure. It will be hastened.

But to strike hastily would postpone the day of success. It would squander our strength. It would give the Axis time to recover.

Right Time

Strike we must. JOHN BULL believes with the Russians that it is better to strike with what we have at the right time than wait too long and strike at the wrong time with what we have been saving up.

First we must plan. Now is the time to make sure that we know *how* to strike.

Common Action

The situation throughout the World Front must be coolly assessed. All the information gathered by the intelligence services must be available for a Combined General Staff.

Next, all our political warfare should be directed to the job in view. Weapons and supplies for that job should be allocated to the three Fighting Services.

Finally, those three Services must act as one unit.

Year of Destiny

Such are the preparations that must be made not only here in Britain but by and between all the United Nations.

They must be undertaken swiftly. For the time is coming when 1942 will be proved the year of destiny for the entire human race.

Bird's-Eye View

Burma holds no hope for us. But by holding India and Australia we shall preserve our power to strike decisively at Japan's forces in our own time.

Nearer home, if we preserve Russia we shall gain the opportunity to smash Hitlerism.

Stalin's Tribute

Read again the May Day message from Stalin to his people. It makes no promises. But it breathes confidence.

And it pays tribute to Britain and the U.S., who "give our country ever greater war aid against the German Fascist aggressor."

It is the wish of the British people that aid shall not be confined to war supplies.

War of Nerves

Intensification of the life-and-death struggle on the Russian front will bring opportunity as well as trial to the United Nations.

They must be ready to seize it.

Meanwhile, they should intensify their war of nerves.

Rattling His Teeth

Our Commando raids have put Hitler's teeth on edge. Now the Soviet Union is taking a hand in the game.

She releases news that she is training mountain parachute troops. She leaves Hitler to guess whether they are intended for Norway or Finland.

Bombs Over Germany

Our air offensive must go on. It is drawing off the enemy bombers from attacks on our convoys. It is hampering the enemy's preparations for the Russian Spring. And it is lessening his factory output.

So we can afford to view objectively his crazy "Baedeker" attempts at retaliation on our historic treasures.

Sweep the Seas!

Meanwhile, also, we must intensify our efforts to clean the seas.

Nelson taught that before a combined land and sea operation can be successful, the enemy fleet must be disabled or bottled up.

The Japanese did this at Pearl Harbour and Java.

We must do so in the Mediterranean before we can exert our full strength in Libya and relieve the strain on Malta. So the news of American warships sailing into that blue sea is very welcome.

Coal Craziness

Yet even the most meticulous preparations for military action will not be enough.

Production must be further increased. Production of ships, 'planes, tanks, guns and bombs. Above all, production of coal!

So far, unfortunately, the war time story of coal has been far crazier than Alice's adventures in Wonderland.

Ration and Rationalise

Now our fuel is to be rationed.

There is a case for rationing *if* it does not entail a new army of bureaucrats.

But even the most economical rationing will be no substitute for rationalisation of the industry.

Strong Board

Rationalise rather than nationalise!

There is no time to nationalise just now. But the industry must be reorganised, even in war time, by a Coal Board.

It must aim at 100 per cent. efficiency in all pits that can be *most easily worked*. It must stop the appalling waste that continues in the coalfields.

Job for Strong Men

It must bring more labour to the mines—not aged pensioners, but the strong hewers who were put into khaki.

Young men directed into the mines must have better conditions if they are to produce their utmost.

Fifteeen thousand more Civil Servants will not raise more coal. Fifteen thousand more miners—young miners—would enable the factory wheels to keep turning.

Below the Level

If we are to get the maximum yield from the pits, there must also be more maintenance.

One miner writes to us: "The coal face where I work could produce another 400 tons of coal each day. But we can't send the stuff up because of the state of the roads."

Managers Wanted

Another miner tells us of a flooded pit: "They say they can't deal with the rush of water. That's tommy rot. All we need is a good pump—our present one is more than twenty years old."

And yet others assure us that they could increase production if given better management.

Real Economy

So there must be more than coal economy at home. There must be real economy in the coalfields.

Wise economy that will provide the means to higher production. It is not economical to deny the labour and neglect the methods that would enable us to reap the earth's riches.

Only a national Coal Board, with wide powers of reorganisation, will be able to keep the nation's scuttles filled during the vital months that lie ahead.

Second Front

In the same way, only international organisation will enable us to hew a path to victory.

The demand of the British and American publics for a Second Front cannot be met unless the United Nations first hammer out a common policy and draw up a common plan. And wishful thinking inspired by Hitler's speech and Italian rumours will be no substitute for Allied action.

Unite to Advance

"United we stand" has become an obsolete phrase. Unity will enable us not merely to withstand the blows of the Axis but to forestall them, drive our adversaries into the corner, and knock them out.

Let us strike together!

(Continued overleaf)

WICKED FOOD WASTE

● A JOHN BULL reporter has toured the London vegetable and fruit markets.

At Spitalfields he found that twenty tons of vegetables had been carted off that day for animal food.

He saw stacks of turnips that would be unfit for sale by the end of the week.

At Stratford market an official assured him there was no waste there.

He walked around and found two great heaps of greenstuff that had been thrown into the road to await removal by the dustcarts.

At Covent Garden huge loads of broccoli and Spring greens have been dumped into dustcarts—so have loads of rotten oranges.

Indeed, a member of the trade estimates that in one market alone some 30,000 oranges were rotting.

At Brighton's municipal market one day last week there were hundredweights of *good* cauliflowers, carrots, broccoli and spinach loaded into the refuse vans.

Two hundred tons of fish have been condemned because of transport delay.

But not only transport is to blame. Some growers have held up delivery in the hope of forcing up the price. So have some wholesalers.

The Ministry of Food have issued a warning on the subject.

A few prosecutions would be more effective.

THEIR AUSTERITY—AND OURS

● Incomes in the United States are to be taxed so that no individual is left with more than £6,250.

On pre-austerity tax rates an American needed little more than £10,000 to be left with the new income limit after paying his taxes.

President Roosevelt will alter that!

To have £6,250 left in Britain after paying income- and sur-taxes means having a gross income of around £115,000.

Latest figures show that only ninety-nine British taxpayers had incomes over £100,000 a year in 1938.

But the war has probably increased the number.

What of the not-so-rich?

A Briton getting £10,000 a year income is now left with £3,200 after paying tax.

An income of £50,000 leaves £1,650 after tax. One of £100,000 leaves £5,900—and on higher incomes taxes take 19s. 6d. from every pound, leaving only 6d. for the "poor rich" man to spend!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

GERMAN actress, who fled to Britain years ago, was anxious to help the country that has given her refuge from tyranny.

She has now found a job. She can show her gratitude and aid us to overthrow Hitlerism.

She is making artificial flowers from soft leather.

It Beats Us All

She cannot understand why we allow leather—a war material—to be used for the manufacture of stupid luxuries.

Nor can anyone else.

Answer, Mr. Dalton

We are short of labour. We are short of materials.

But still we fritter both away on making bookends, fancy blotters, ornamental wastepaper baskets, and a thousand other trivialities.

What has happened, Mr. Dalton, to that scheme for cutting out non-essential trades?

Signs of Spring

Next Minister to enter the dock is Mr. Hudson. He wants more food to be grown. But he allows the flower trade to flourish.

A steamer makes special trips to bring blooms from the Scilly Isles. Country 'buses are laden with a hundred boxes of Cornish flowers at a time. Extra rail staff is engaged on despatching them to London.

Total war?

Well-Stocked Cellars

To continue the tale of woeful waste, we hear of public-houses with cellars full of empty siphons and bottles that the brewers refuse to accept as they are "not ours."

One publican was actually censured by his brewer because, thinking it better for the war effort that bottles should be in use rather than lying on dustheaps, he accepted another brewer's empties.

Fill the Pool

There should be a national bottle pool, as there is in the London area for milk bottles.

And jars should be included.

Daily Bonfires!

As for paper, London's 'buses exhibit bills urging you to save it by dropping your ticket in the box on the platform.

You can be fined if you don't do so.

We hope it isn't true that in the yard of one London Transport depot there is a daily bonfire of tickets thus salvaged.

Comfort's Cost

It is also alleged that when conductresses have to travel to London to report for new uniforms they go by special Green Line coach. The other morning, a coach was used to take four people.

Will the Transport Board also tell us whether the women must accept a new uniform even though their present outfits are good for several years' wear?

Burn or Pay!

Save fuel? Not if the supply companies can help it!

One reader economised in electricity. West Ham's electricity department, finding he has used less than 25 units a week, insists that he shall pay 11s. 3½d. for the current he hasn't used.

A general practice—and a temptation to waste fuel.

Labour to Spare

Another reader, harking to the demand for fuel economy, bought a trivet for her grate and thus reduced her gas bill.

So Kettering's gas company, noting that she is using less gas than during the corresponding period of last year, has sent workmen along to fit a new meter.

Not to Spare

Taxis in every city are wasting petrol for want of some small part.

One driver says his cab uses three times as much as it needs because the clutch-spring is worn out.

Surely it would be easier to supply a new spring and save petrol?

Standard Sets

But no! "You can't have spare parts" has become a favourite slogan of officialdom.

So 180,000 standardised radio sets are to be made.

If the Government was to help 180,000 owners of broken-down sets to get them going again it would gain the same effect at a tiny fraction of the cost.

Cause for Alarm

Another necessity—at any rate for war workers—is the alarm clock. But officialdom classes it as a luxury, has allowed only a few clocks to be imported.

"Get your old ones repaired" might be good advice if spare parts were obtainable.

Victimisation!

The high morale of war workers will not be sustained if we are correctly informed that shop stewards are being "weeded out" from some big arms factories.

The Ministries of Labour and Supply would be wise to make it clear that no victimisation will be tolerated.

Travel Tale

A woman recently travelled from Sheffield to Carlisle by the midnight train. It was late, left from an unexpected platform, so there was a last-minute rush across the bridge, a dash into the nearest carriage.

Its corridor was packed with Servicemen, some so tired that they were lying on the floor.

It was a first-class coach, the connecting door was locked, and no one could move up to less-crowded compartments.

Then, the woman reports, an official unlocked the door and made his appearance.

Class Distinctions

She complains that he reprimanded the men for being in a first-class corridor "as if they were scum."

We have received similar complaints. And we have a sneaking hope that some day our very officious officials will find themselves in khaki.

On Fatigue

One khaki-clad man was a toolmaker by trade. He was released from the Army in October, 1940, to follow that trade, but rejoined his unit some weeks ago.

Since when he has done nothing but scrub potatoes, dig pits and clean A.T.S. latrines.

We hope it won't be a permanent fatigue.

Square Peg

Another soldier was a chauffeur in civil life, with a P.S.V. licence and experienced in repairs. Now he's peeling potatoes for an officers' mess.

His young brother, who had no car experience, joined the R.A.F. and is now a motor driver.

Nothing like Service life to broaden your experience!

Dead Loss

Recently we told you how, at one aerodrome, a hundred tons of cement were spoiled and 300 square feet of sheeting were wasted. The Air Ministry assures us that the contractors and not the State will have to bear the cost.

We are glad to hear it. But we remain sorry that the nation's war strength is sapped by waste of materials—waste that would soon stop if a few careless contractors found themselves in the dock.

Tempus Fugit

Now see how time is squandered.

A soldier's baby son, just discharged from hospital, became seriously ill again. His mother telephoned for an ambulance, agreed to pay a fee of 12s. 6d.

Then a warden arrived with a message that the fee was 15s. 6d. Again the mother, now getting frantic at the delay, agreed to pay.

Two Hours

Later, the warden returned. If the hospital could not admit the four-month-old mite, would the mother pay a fee of 22s. for the return journey?

By now the baby was in a state of collapse.

Two hours after the first 'phone call, the ambulance arrived.

Heart of Empire

That sordid episode of official haggling did not take place in some remote hamlet. It happened in London, which is proud of its public services.

Pride may become shame if there is any repetition of this case.

Making His Mouth Water

A letter from Libya, posted in January, reached us last week.

Its soldier writer described how he had heard in November that a Christmas parcel was on the way to him from his wife and with what anticipation he awaited it.

But no parcel arrived. On Christmas Day he lunched on bully and biscuits, dined on bully and biscuits and boiled rice.

Rifled

Imagine his feelings when he later discovered the parcel had been so rifled at Nottingham that the post office had to return the remains to his wife!

Theft is on the increase. No one can blink that fact. Because the things stolen are often of more importance than their actual value, pilferers deserve heavier sentences than some magistrates continue to impose.

Mask of Innocence

Incidentally, the police should be interested to hear that some men on Government jobs return to billets with tea, sugar, butter and other provisions stolen from the works canteens and hidden in their empty gas-mask cases!

Getting Rich Quick

Almost as crooked are the tailors profiteering on alterations.

Men joining the Services can usually spare a suit for a civilian brother or, now that forty-year-olds are being called-up, a son.

But that doesn't always save the cost of new clothes. One tailor quoted two guineas for adapting a three-guinea suit to a man a little thinner round the middle!

Behind the News

- **Nazis have lost more artillery in eight months than in all the last war. They are even sending 1918 guns to the front.**
- *Maginot and Siegfried lines have been stripped. Italy has been asked to hand over Brenner Pass pieces.*
- Since the Alsace-Lorraine *gauleiter* made Bishop Heintz's eighty-two-year-old mother scrub floors of Nazi H.Q. twice a day, patriots have sworn to beat sabotage records.
- **Already Nazis have had to increase Alsace-Lorraine garrisons by half.**
- *German and Italian staff officers attached to Jap field divisions are returning to Tokio and complain that Japs treat them with contempt.*
- Epidemic of hoarding of valuables has begun in Germany; Nazi officials have stolen a third of the £65,000,000 Belgian gold taken from Bank of France.
- **Though Japan has won vast quantities of rubber and oil, her steel and iron shortages are increasing.**
- *She is also worried by failure to impose her currency in Dutch East Indies and Malaya. Natives won't look at it!*
- Yugoslavia's *Gestapo*, the *Ustachi*, has been purged on orders from Germany, its leader executed, and many officials sent to concentration camps.
- **In trouble with Hitler is Willy Messerschmitt, the aircraft chief, who represents German heavy industry in opposition to Nazi home policy.**
- *Hitler dare not remove him because the workers of the Messerschmitt factory swear by their boss.*
- Ettore Mutti, Fascist Party secretary, who was dismissed and sent to Libya, is now agitating against Mussolini, making Rommel's job of "collaborating" more difficult.

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

THE POWER IN YOUR HANDS!

LEGEND has it that Christopher Columbus, after his councillors had been baffled to stand an egg upon its end, did the trick himself by tapping the egg smartly on the table.

Another Columbus in the person of President Roosevelt now intends to up-end the American economic egg and make it stand up to the needs of total war.

In theory, the feat is simple enough. It suffices to crack the shell of privilege and ordain that, for duration, all citizens shall forgo competitive greeds and that none shall retain a personal net income of more than 25,000 dollars, or, roughly, £6,250 a year.

JOHN BULL knows there may be a wide gap between presidential theory and legislative fact, but here in our own country the economic egg trick has already been performed.

No British subject can now enjoy £6,000 a year spending money without a gross annual income of more than £110,000. There are few millionaires in this class—and they are paying tax at the rate of 19s. 6d. in the £.

It is, of course, impossible to pay for a war—let alone to win one—merely by "soaking the rich." On the other hand, as we have proved, it *is* nationally possible to live on half our total income and devote the remainder to the purpose of victory.

JOHN BULL wishes to focus public attention on this significant fact and to stress its implications.

We therefore repeat our recent statement that we—meaning the man and woman in the street, the rank and file of every class, "upper, middle, and low"—have it in our power to buy and to build the new world of our dreams.

Now all sorts of highly placed people are echoing our words. Rich or poor, Right Wing or Left, employer or employed: it makes little difference—the *intelligent* representatives of each section are beginning to realise that what we can achieve in time of war *must* be capable of achievement in time of peace.

Eden, Bevin, Lyttelton, Halifax and President Roosevelt have all proclaimed this gospel in recent public speeches.

Roosevelt, attacking privilege in the United States more strongly than it has ever been attacked before, has told his countrymen that they must now count it a privilege to serve; that they ought not to look upon their present sacrifices as hardships, but merely as a cheerful contribution to the supreme cause.

THE truth is that the world conflict has set up a series of important and remarkable precedents.

Leaving aside for the moment the vast social and economic precedents which were set up by Lenin, it cannot be denied that Hitler and the Nazis further opened men's eyes to the fact that national wealth is not to be measured in terms of money, but only in natural resources and the work of men's hands.

They broke the power of "orthodox" finance in the Third Reich. Though they were bankrupt, they built the mightiest war machine ever assembled by a single people.

The shocking disaster and infamy of "Hitlerism" have not been caused by the theory that the State's interests come before those of any private individual, but by the seizure of the State and all the rights of the people by Hitler and his gang of Nazi thugs.

The essential difference between our system and the one Hitler would like to impose upon the world is that, while both recognise the citizen's paramount duty to the State, we believe in "government of the people, by the people, for the people," whereas the Nazis hold individuals in contempt and despise the masses.

Let us face the fact that we are to-day living under, and on the whole cheerfully accepting, many compulsions that we should have thought intolerable three years ago.

Because we know that defeat would condemn us to ruin and to enslavement, we are resolved to secure victory at any and all costs. Thus, knowing German "reprisals" to be inevitable, we are still carrying out our deliberate policy of bombing Germany with everything we've got.

We are taxing ourselves to the limit. Out of our remaining incomes we are lending to the Government, if not the maximum of our resources, at least far more than we have ever saved before.

We are working long hours. Few able-bodied men and women even try to escape their further duties to the community as Civil Defence workers, Home Guards, or whatever it may be. The tide of national effort is running so strongly that hundreds of thousands of people are trying to do not less, but more, than is strictly demanded of them.

Indeed, the ordinary people of these islands accept the fact that it *is* a privilege to serve.

Heaven forbid that this magnificent spirit, this new sense of comradeship and national unity, should fail us when the stern tasks of war are accomplished and we return, with immeasurable relief, to the easier ways of peace.

But they may fail us if they are not harnessed *now* to something nobler than the immediate urge of self-preservation.

Nothing could be more disastrous than to fool the public into believing that we shall be able to slack off completely in the day of victory.

The fight against Germany and Japan will be over then, but the stubborn battle against unfair privilege and vested interests may be raging more fiercely than ever.

We need to attack these ancient enemies forthwith. The other war ought to be regarded as an opportunity, not a hindrance.

Now is the time to relieve the penury of the Old-Age Pensioner and to secure a reasonable standard of living for the families of all Servicemen and for every grade of worker.

To-day gives us the golden opportunity for the assault upon the profiteer and exploiter.

FOR the time being we have given the Government unprecedented powers over our lives and our property. If we mean to win the peace, we shall have to vest some of these powers in men determined to control credit for national purposes.

JOHN BULL has told you before that you can bring about the reforms you desire. But you can only do so by exercising the democratic privilege of the vote, and doing so for the good of the country, not for personal and "class" interests.

You want "equality of opportunity," and you can have it—but not cheaply. To get it you will have to pay for the sound education of every child and pave his way to higher scholarship whenever he shows his willingness to tread that harder path.

You want to abolish unemployment, and you can do so—but not easily. It may be necessary for you to continue to forgo some of the privileges of protected employment that you have renounced willingly in order to beat Hitler.

The defeat of Government candidates in recent by-elections show the public's impatience to get on with the job of beating the craziest usurper of privileged power the world has ever known.

It proves, moreover, the public's refusal to tolerate a machine-made Parliament. In short, the public is determined to use the power it holds.

And the more we use that power, the better shall we build a new world.

What do we Owe to the Politicians?

SOME say that the state in which the world now finds itself is largely the work of politicians. Other people's politicians and our politicians. Politicians who have done too much. Politicians who have let them do too much. Politicians who have said too much. Politicians who have merely drawn their money.

All over the world we have been used to politicians for so long that they are now accepted as part of the scheme of things. Even those who think that politicians are evil will tell you that they are a necessary evil.

"After all," they will say, "we can't get on without them."

But I'm not so sure. We do get on without them. And, take it all round, we do very well indeed without them.

* * *

If we took out of the history of mankind all that the politicians have done, we should have a surprisingly fat volume still left to read.

It would contain, for a start, most of the things that have ever been worth reading. From "Cinderella" to the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Charles Dickens No politician's help was needed there.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

* * *

It would contain that masterpiece of thought, the invention of the first wheel. A thousand politicians in a row could never beat that

It would contain the invention of printing and the discovery of anæsthetics. It would contain the whole of music and the whole of architecture.

It would contain gas and electricity and ships and the internal combustion engine. Radio and films. Railway trains and umbrellas and the telephone. The plough and the spade. Pantomimes and processions. And all that Rembrandt and the other men ever painted.

It would contain furniture and glass and the making of roads, the digging of coal, the manufacture of hats and shoes. Everything that has been useful to man.

In another chapter would be such things as Boat Race Night and the Derby. And fashions and comedians and the voice of Caruso. And colours and garden fires and pretending and making things up. And shove-ha'penny and cricket and football.

It would contain, in its various chapters, nearly everything that has made life worth living. Millions of things. Not tens of thousands, but millions.

And not the paw mark of a politician on any of them.

* * *

But leave out of the story of mankind all these things and see what is left. The world as the politicians here, there and everywhere have made it. It makes, on the whole, very unpleasant reading.

Without the politicians we have not done so badly. We have much more to show for our efforts than they have—even though we keep quiet about it and don't go around in top hats making important-sounding noises

We may never be without politicians. But we'll get along all right—in spite of 'em!

WILL SCOTT.

Open Letters

Field-Marshal EBERHARDT MILCH, Chief of the Luftwaffe

SIR,—Once a chemist, you know that no modern alchemy can save German war factories from being dissolved into powder by R.A.F. bombs.

Once the organiser of Nazi para-troops, you are now on the defensive.

You are being forced to play our game, and the events of the last few days must have made you as sick as a bilious dachshund.

Our 'planes have met heavy opposition in their sweeps over France. The *Luftwaffe* has had to show fight.

So we are succeeding in our aims.

Not only do our bombers get through in daylight to bomb with precision the French factories labouring for your mad master.

Our fighter escorts are shooting down the machines you have had to bring back from the Russian Front.

Losses have been heavy on both sides. But we have gained much.

So, too, with our night bombing.

You proved a wise prophet when, last year, you declared that a sword hung over the head of everyone in Germany.

You appealed for good morale "against the terrific British bombs." And you added this significant entreaty: "I beg you to continue A.R.P. work."

Rostock and Lubeck have shown the need for A.R.P. on a scale never before contemplated.

There will be other Rostocks and Lubecks.

But there need not be. Though the *Luftwaffe* cannot stop our bombers, the German people have it in their power to do so. For we have no hatred against them. We seek to destroy their arms centres, not their lives.

And they can save themselves from ever-increasing attacks by disowning such Nazi leaders as you who have dragged them into misery.

Sometimes, I have no doubt, you must tremble at the thoughts of that possibility. Meanwhile, you fight a losing battle—and you know it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—A woman T.U.C. delegate complains of the type of inspector who rings up a factory to give the time of his visit, goes to the manager's office for a drink directly he arrives, and allows himself to be shepherded away from workers who might have unpleasant facts to report.

I have castigated him often enough. But the fellow has a hide like an elephant and the brain of a turtle.

So I suggest you advise all Supply Departments to see that official industrial visits are made without warning.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. HUBERTUS VAN MOOK, Governor-General, Dutch East Indies

DEAR DR. VAN MOOK.—Welcome to London! I hope that while you're here you will confer not only with your Queen and Government but with high officials of Britain.

For history will rank you not only as a brave defender of the Indies but as a wise statesman and strategist.

Britain's leaders should convince you of both our determination to oust the Japanese assassins and our ability to do it.—JOHN BULL.

Commander A. N. C. FIREBRACE, Chief of Fire Staff

DEAR COMMANDER,—I'm puzzled. So, no doubt, is Mr. T. B. Goodman, a superintendent of the London Fire Brigade who was selected a year ago to reorganise Malta's fire services.

His work was highly commended by the Governor. He was told he had rendered a great service to his country.

Then he came back to find the N.F.S. in being. His old rank was gone. He had to be content with the lower rank of column officer and a £3-a-week reduction in pay.

Is not an explanation due to him?—JOHN BULL.

Hon. W. H. LITTLETON, Penkridge Police Court, Staffs.

YOUR WORSHIP,—On second thoughts, you may realise that you were not entirely tactful when a Dutch soldier said he could not pay a fine for poaching.

"There is plenty of money in the Dutch camps," you retorted. "We know all about it."

You surely know also that the Dutch have proved valiant and extremely valuable Allies, and the British people are proud to have their Government and some of their troops on British soil.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL, Friern Barnet, Middlesex

GENTLEMEN,—I have just had a peep at your new town hall, which was lately finished at a cost of £50,000.

A nice piece of work. But I agree with your ratepayers who object to the time and money it swallowed, and who think the labour should have been directed to the war effort.

I suggest, therefore, that you wait till "that man is dead and gone" before lining the handsome car drive with shrubs and trees and flowers.

Cabbages and carrots will meanwhile be of greater worth to your township.—JOHN BULL.

ADOLF HITLER, Slave No. 1

PATHETIC SIR,—So you have had no more than three days' leave since 1933! Evidently you are the most overworked dictator in history.

But be of good heart. The United Nations are coming to deliver the people of Europe from such bondage as yours. And you are destined for a long, long rest.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUCH, M.P., Parliamentary Sec., Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—Don't let war nurseries become new centres of red-tape pettiness.

One matron is said to be indignant because a mother wished to leave her baby in the nursery only during the afternoon. She forgets that married women are asked by the State to volunteer for part-time work.

The same matron refuses to accept children unless their mothers are actually working in munition factories or cotton mills.

She forgets that women employed in other jobs are none the less releasing others for direct war work.

More nurseries and less restrictions, please!—JOHN BULL.

The EXECUTIVE, Liverpool Carters' Union

GENTLEMEN,—I have no doubt that carters and motor drivers will look very distinguished with the shining new metal badges you are issuing to them.

But at least some of them feel that the metal would have been more useful if made into guns or shells.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

Dear Sir,—You know as well as any of us how magnificent and how vital is the work of our merchant seamen. But you also have it in your power to give them a fair deal.

Sometimes they come ashore at a port where there is only one club—for Servicemen. They are not admitted; not even if they have nowhere else to sleep.

It is the same story if they try to buy a meal or drink at a Service canteen. They are turned away.

Is the argument that they are not members of the Fighting Forces? They are giving the country service that is no less vital.

See that they have the same privileges!—JOHN BULL.

Storming the Barriers

ARGUE IT OUT ★ By Pallas

ONE by one the social barriers are falling. Some still remain; some that have been smashed down will, in the opinion of certain people, be re-erected after the war.

Even to-day there are hotels "out of bounds" to other ranks. This may be only a matter of discipline and may have no bearing on so-called class distinction. I doubt it. There are plenty of snobs in uniform, and as long as there is a military caste with military traditions behind it, those snobs will continue on the path of petty vanity and pompous stupidity.

The social barriers erected by the lower-middle and middle classes are the hardest to storm. Don't ask me why. It is so.

A neighbour of mine who lives with his wife—there are no children—still employs a cook and maid. He was complaining to me the other day that servants were impossible, that they wanted every possible privilege and gave nothing in return. They had no sense of obligation, he said.

* * *

I pointed out that very few employers in the lower-middle classes had a sense of responsibility. They took little interest in the lives of their servants.

It is—or was—different in the great homes of England. Strong, lasting bonds were forged between families and retainers. The health, the welfare and the future of servants used to be a matter of deep, personal concern to the men and women who employed them.

A strange but true reflection this—that the words **noblesse oblige** *really did mean something in the stately homes of the land. Domestic service was honoured in those homes.*

But the poor little "general" toiling away in a suburban villa never knew the privileges of true service. That was because those who employed her had neither the outlook nor the mentality to realise her loneliness, her humanity or her failings.

* * *

Those barriers are going, slowly.

I doubt whether the petty snobs of suburbia will ever exploit again the girls of this country; or that the women will submit to such exploitation.

There will always be ignorant people and intellectuals; there will always be people with mean natures and people with generous hearts.

But they don't matter a great deal, those mental barriers.

What does matter is that the stupid barriers based on snobbery, on possessions, on birth and on wealth should be swamped by a wave of sanity and practical reform.

No one can ask more of life than the right to be given a chance to live without exploitation, without hunger, without fear and without drudgery. Once that right is established the worst barriers will have vanished.

★ On May 14, 1940, Mr. Anthony Eden broadcast an appeal for Local Defence Volunteers. To-day there are more than a million Home Guards, and this series spotlights some of the heroic deeds about which they rarely speak and never boast

Chased by a Red-Hot Bomber!

By MARK PRIESTLEY

THE flaming bomber came lumbering over the crest of the hill like the guttering pyrotechnics of a madman's nightmare. It toasted the gorse bushes as it swayed crazily down, melted the moonlight in lurid fire—and Kenny Lockyear began to run.

He'd heard the frenzied groan of the engines long before the floating bonfire lurched into view across the down.

It was a sight for a king—let alone an eye-opener of retribution for a Home Guard who only three nights before had helped drag the victims from the funeral pyre of two blitzed cottages.

The blazing hulk came so close that he could see the tongues of fire lick at the swastikas. Then Kenny realised it was coming closer still—heading towards him.

Not long before, swigging brown tea at the section post, he had grumbled at the monotony of guarding the post office—so they'd transferred him to a patrol in the hills.

Now he was being chased by a red-hot bomber!

Kenny ran as he'd never run since a death-charge across No-Man's-Land on the Somme in '16.

The machine was a scarlet furnace as Lieut. Stender came on the scene

He could feel the scorch of the fire. At any second now it would flare down on top of him, and simultaneously bury and roast him alive. Or so it seemed to Kenny.

Then he tripped and fell headlong. The stone that had stubbed his boot saved his life.

Worse than the Somme

The wreck of the bomber slipped sizzling over his head, and grounded with an ear-splitting explosion.

Says Kenny: "It was worse than the Somme!"

Clods of earth pummelled down on his back. Searing fragments set fire to the heathland around him. He was knocked black and blue, but still he picked himself up.

There was a job to do!

Some of the H.G.s who helped round-up the Nazis as they parachuted from the bomber wondered what had happened to Kenny. They found him in hospital next day suffering from not cold feet, but hot feet.

Blackened, exhausted, with the ever-lurking danger of remaining bombs in the plane sending him sky-high, he'd stamped out the heath fire till the soles of his boots were practically charred to cinders.

It's a bare two years since the Home Guard was born, but the exploit of Kenny Lockyear, village grocer, is in true H.G. tradition.

The Home Guard was formed to paste the paratroops. Readier than ever for that task, it has meanwhile rounded up the Germans whenever and wherever they've arrived.

Two close-cropped aces of the *Luftwaffe* baled out plumb into high-tension wires.

Their 'chutes went off with a purple flash. Screaming for help, the Nazis hung by their hands. It was too far to drop, and a ladder would have grounded the current.

"Let 'em stay there!" said some of the locals—until, with the aid of a rubber bath-mat, an electrician in the H.G. rescued the abject pair.

British and German guns have already spat in Britain at ground-level, even if the full details still cannot be revealed.

It suffices that a bomber-load of Nazis crash-landed and refused to leave their machine. Maybe they still hoped to set things to rights and fly away home. Perhaps they only wanted to burn important papers, or set fire to the bomber.

A bomber burns fast enough, except when you want it to. The Germans were cold and excited, and they fumbled the job.

And while they tried to finish the task, one of their number attempted to keep off the approaching ring of H.G.s.

His revolver barked in the night—and British guns barked back. The aim was deliberately wide. The H.G.s wanted to take him alive. Motives were practical as well as humanitarian.

Stalked His Prey

Then the bomber began to burn. Something had to be done quickly.

No doubt the Nazi wondered why they didn't charge. His revolver blazed again lest they were trying it.

Then an iron hand came down on his arm.

The boys had left it to Jim. Their plan of campaign had been simple but slick.

Jim was a gamekeeper. He could move with more stealth than a poacher—and he knew how to hold his man.

As the H.G.s bunched up the other Germans and doused the blaze, they didn't know the Heinkel had already dropped its bomb-load. For all they knew, an explosion might have been imminent.

"It was worth trying," one of them told his cronies in the pub next night. "There's experts like to study these little Jerry jobs. Here's to 'em!"

One "Jerry job" spun out of the sky, crashing in flames, and the experts had no chance to study it

The machine was a scarlet furnace as Lieut. Stender came on the scene. A gout of flame leapt skyward as an oil store caught, and ammunition crackled and crashed in all directions.

Then, behind the uproar, Stender caught a terrible sound—the frenzied yells of imprisoned men.

It didn't last. As Stender raced across the field, all was silence save for the savage consuming crunching of fire.

Into the Flames—

Stender went on—into the flames.

"I couldn't have seen a dog die that way," he said afterwards, when the C.O. congratulated him on capturing three Nazis alive.

Perhaps the truth is that the H.G. is ready for anything.

Roasting in the heart of the fire, his very eyebrows sizzling, Stender had found an escape hatch jammed by twisted wreckage.

The wreckage itself was red-hot. His clothes began to burn as he grappled with it.

Then he had twisted it aside. The smoke from inside the fuselage was suffocating. His heart pounding, his head roaring, Stender "fumbled around."

—And Back Again

Blindly he found one of the crew—and dragged him clear.

"Never again!" he thought, as he staggered at last into God's free air.

But he went back then and there—back, though he knew the agony it meant—back into worse than hell.

One of Goering's little pets crawled out of the plane and crept clear without a thought for his companions.

Another store of ammunition began to go off and the bullets sliced through Stender's boots.

Still he stayed.

By superhuman endurance he dragged a third man clear.

When the Germans have come to Britain they've always found a hot welcome written on the mat.

But chivalry such as this is the warm light of Britain burning in the hall-way of the world.

OUR LADS HAVE A "MAGIC EYE"

"PHOTOGRAPHIC reconnaissance confirms that extensive damage has been done."

The phrase has become a familiar sequel to the heavy raids of the R.A.F. on factories in France and Germany, and periodically some of the photographs are published showing burned-out buildings or damaged ships.

Few who examine these photographs realise the full story of technical triumphs and personal skill and courage which went to making them.

Dangerous Trade

R.A.F. planes on photographic missions take risks as great as—often greater than—bomber and fighter crews. Their cameras are technical masterpieces comparable with the precision bomb-sights and quick-firing cannons of their colleagues.

In the Great War, photography was comparatively crude and confined to good daylight.

Now, the "camera raids" can be as effective by night as by day.

Night not only provides some measure of protection for the plane, but enables photographs of great value to be obtained. Bombs can be photographed as they burst—for by next day quick work and camouflage may have covered some of the damage.

In aerial photography it is shadows that count, and illumination from immediately above may reveal details that would be missed in daylight.

Standard camera equipment is a vertical camera which photographs the scene immediately underneath the 'plane without manipulation by the pilot. A second camera mounted obliquely can be moved in the air and is hand-operated.

Published photographs of the great Poissy raid were taken with the vertical camera.

Oblique photographs show buildings more like buildings and less like diagrams. Among the best were those taken during the raid on the Knapsack (Cologne) power station.

Exact details of night photography are, of course, secret.

But there is no "fake" about the R.A.F. photographs, as there undoubtedly was about the German photographs of raids on London.

U.S. army officials last year revealed they had released night photographing devices of their "ace," Major George W. Goddard, to the R.A.F.

Working in the £4,000,000 laboratories at Dayton, Major Goddard has spent twenty years devising new techniques of night aerial photography.

Principle of his invention is a bomb filled with flash powder instead of high explosive. Bursting before it reaches the ground, the bomb floods square miles with blinding light for a fraction of a second. In that fraction of a second the camera's shutter opens and shuts, taking the picture of everything below in its stark nakedness.

Major Goddard invented his first flash bomb nearly twenty years ago.

The intervening years have been spent in increasing its size and perfecting the arrangement by which bomb and camera are synchronised.

The Magic Eye

All that can be said about the method is that it uses the magic eye or photo-electric cell, which generates an electric current when a light falls on it.

The Nazis know the principle—but they are not likely to learn the details.

It is no secret that some time ago bombs containing 100 lb. of flash powder had been used.

R.A.F. photographs, whether by night or day, are developed and in use within minutes—say seven minutes—of a plane alighting.

With the perfection of night photography from the air, even the darkness will not give troops and vehicles on the move protection from being observed.

THE HITLER MY

In opening his Spring offensive by launching his thunderbolts at his home front Hitler has revealed to the world the skeleton in his cupboard

Says A. G. GARDINER

HITLER fears not only the Russian front in the East and the British front in the West.

He fears the German front at home. The Hitler myth is expiring, and with the lash of his *Gestapo* he has set himself to flog it back into activity.

For he knows that if the myth of the invincible miracle-monger perishes, nothing can save him or save Germany.

Why he should have chosen this critical moment to tell his enemies—and his friends—that his own people must be whipped to battle we do not know.

Perhaps it was to justify beforehand a new domestic crime—a Reichstag fire or another purge of blood. Time will show.

Whatever the motive, it throws a searchlight upon the internal state of Germany.

Little has been said in this country about conditions there. That is wise.

IN THE LAST WAR WE USED TO TALK TOO MUCH ABOUT THE CERTAINTY OF THE MATERIAL AND MORAL BREAKDOWN OF GERMANY. THIS TIME WE HAVE TAKEN LESS REFUGE IN THESE COMFORTABLE SPECULATIONS.

* * *

But now that Hitler has lifted the curtain himself, we may—without indulging in any wishful thinking—usefully glance at the German scene.

All the reports that leak out from that country give an impressive and convincing picture of the deterioration of the spirit of the German people and of the despondency which prevails even among persons who were formerly fanatical supporters of the Nazis.

The Hitler myth itself is no longer sacrosanct. "Germans who not long ago were enraged at the slightest criticism or disrespectful reference to Hitler, now do not mince their words in accusing him of sacrificing German youth to his mad ambition."

So says the Ankara correspondent of the *Times*, who, through Turkish neutrality, is in exceptionally close touch with German opinion.

In explaining the pall of war weariness that overspreads Germany, it is necessary to bear in mind that war conditions did not begin there in 1939.

The policy of "Guns for butter" has been in ruthless operation for nearly ten years, and winter hardships and harsh restrictions have undermined the stamina and patience of the people.

* * *

But the gloom has been deepened during the past months by two ominous facts. The first is the terrific disaster in Russia.

Soviet cavalry, in daring surprise attacks behind his lines, are giving Hitler's mechanised hordes plenty of shocks they never bargained for

In spite of the efforts to conceal or explain away the dimensions of that disaster, the truth about the appalling losses has become gradually known.

German women are becoming for the first time formidable assailants of the Hitler myth.

Their voice is rising in outspoken protest against the destruction of German manhood.

The other fact is the tremendous effect which the R.A.F. raids are having on the morale of the German nation.

It has been a cardinal doctrine of German military policy always to wage war on enemy territory.

In all the five wars that Germany has inflicted on Europe since 1864 that doctrine has been observed.

Even in the last war, which Germany lost, all the horrors of invasion left her soil unstained with blood.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT DOCTRINE HAS BROKEN DOWN. IT HAS BROKEN DOWN THROUGH THE VERY INSTRUMENT ON WHICH HITLER RELIED TO GIVE HIM VICTORY.

By his supremacy in the air he reckoned on making himself the dictator of Europe and the unchallenged despot of the world.

He was so sure of his empire of the air that the German people were told that no enemy 'plane would ever outrage the German sky.

Goering had staked his reputation on that. And the ineffable Col. Lindbergh joyfully proclaimed the fact in "appeasement" circles in this country and America.

To-day that empire has fallen from his grasp. It has passed to the keeping of his enemies and it will never return to him.

The weapon on which the Hitler myth was mainly built is now dedicated to the destruction of the myth.

* * *

For the first time since Germany set up as the bully of Europe her people are being dosed with the medicine they have so mercilessly inflicted on their neighbours. War has come home to them in a literal sense.

The bombing of cities and the mass murder of civilian populations was a legitimate exercise of power while they could be done with impunity.

Might was right, and under this law of the jungle, Warsaw and Rotterdam, London and Coventry and a dozen other British cities were attacked with enormous loss of innocent lives.

The crimes were not merely done: they were gloried in and published broadcast. They were designed to strike terror into the enemy and they invited no punishment.

"It can never happen here." They had Goering's word for that.

BUT IT HAS HAPPENED, IS HAPPENING, AND WILL CONTINUE TO HAPPEN WITH INCREASING AND DEVASTATING POWER. AND THE GERMAN PUBLIC, SO LONG IMMUNE TO THE HORRORS OF WAR, ARE FILLED WITH PANIC AT THE EXPERIENCE.

This is something they had not bargained for. This is something that, as Hitler would say, cannot be "tolerated." It must be stopped at all costs.

So "Truthful Joe's" propaganda machine was turned on to explain that the bombing of cities was a waste of good bombs and that aeroplanes were only of use as an accompaniment to tanks and armies and ships.

* * *

But in vain. We know that we have found the mortal spot of the enemy and we know that we can drive the blow home.

We have a long account to settle, and it is going to be settled to the last detail.

A Glimpse Beh

PROBABLY it will be some weeks before sufficient reliable facts leak out through the very few remaining channels to enable us to form a positive opinion on what has actually happened on Hitler's two fronts, the war front and the home front.

* * *

Remember 1918. All Allied statesmen and military chiefs have since admitted that when they accepted Berlin's plea for an Armistice they were not aware that Germany was already in a state of revolution.

The mutiny of the German fleet in Kiel broke out in the last days of October. I remember discussing the news quite freely with friends in a Berlin café the next day.

Within forty-eight hours millions of people throughout Germany had heard the news by word of mouth

Then the Republic was proclaimed in Munich on November 5, and Soldiers' Councils were growing like mushrooms everywhere. The whole country knew ab
next two days.

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And the German people know this. They know that what they are experiencing is only the pale shadow of what is coming as the might of America is flung into the scale.

THE RETRIBUTION THAT HAS FALLEN ON THE CITIES OF THE RUHR AND THE CITIES OF THE BALTIC WILL FALL INEXORABLY ON THE WHOLE COMPLEX OF GERMAN LIFE.

We did not seek this hideous kind of war. We did our utmost to avoid it. But Germany willed it because she thought she alone could wage it. Now she is going to perish by it.

"Give us a second front," cry the impatient, ignoring that vast second front that we hold from Tobruk to the Persian Gulf and the Caspian sea.

But what second front in the West could be so instant and formidable as that of which the R.A.F. are the spearhead?

It is keeping a million and a half of Germans and half their air force pegged down from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay.

And it is striking by day and by night deadly blows at the vitals of the enemy. The most deadly blow of all is that which is struck at the morale of the German people.

I call it the most deadly blow because it is in the moral sphere that this war, like the last, will be won. And it is in that sphere that we are winning.

That is why the German sky is overspread with gloom. The people look eastward to where their sons lie dead by the million. They look westward and see the sky alive with the winged chariots of death and destruction.

In the third year of the war the victory which was promised them in the first is more remote than ever. Even their precious Fuehrer has ceased to prophesy smooth things.

Need we wonder that the Hitler myth is growing dim in the German gloom? Its days are numbered, and the omens are that they are few.

...hind the Shutters

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...know for certain, ...mission, is that mutinies have occurred on the Eastern Front, and that resistance by Civil Servants, clinging to their "vested rights" and backed up by judges "sticking to the dead letter" of the written law," has been made on the home front.

* * *

Are these cases as "isolated and negligible" as Hitler pretended?

Certainly not, otherwise he would not have mentioned them, nor would he have cared to summon the *Reichstag* and ask his Yes-Men for confirmation of the unlimited powers which he had already exercised for nine years.

Still, let us keep our sense of proportion. For all we know, Germany is not yet on the eve of a revolution, nor is the German army on the eve of a vast mutiny.

But after Hitler's own admission, we may safely say that *symptoms* of mutiny and revolution are there. I did not expect the first signs for another six or eight months.

Hitler's answer is a threat of civil war against the German people!

V. S.

Dr. Goebbels began his campaign of lies with hand-outs to foreign journalists before the war. Now the lies are coming home to roost!

Knocks and Kicks for Dr. Goebbels

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

SHORTLY before the war, a leading German actor, whose wife had been insulted by the impudent Goebbels, decided to punish the ugly little propagandist.

He made a good job of it.

Goebbels, battered and beaten, withdrew to a hospital.

This personal battering, however, was nothing compared to the political knocks and kicks which Goebbels must now take. Heavy blows are raining on him every week, every day.

His disastrous failure is more apparent than that of other Nazi leaders, because he talks so much, he writes so much, and because he is always in the limelight.

It would seem impossible for him to eat all his words.

Yet this is exactly what he is forced to do now!

Like boomerangs, his propaganda slogans return to hit him on the head.

On the day when, on his orders, the whole Nazi Press burst out in hysterical praise of the "second Western Wall" along the whole Atlantic coast and explained that the new fortifications are impregnable, a comparatively small British raiding force broke through the "impregnable lines" at St. Nazaire and played havoc with Germany's vital strategic defence positions.

Out of Gear

As soon as he described the raid as a "solitary incident" the British struck again, and Goebbels' propaganda service got completely out of gear.

"The British never reached the shores," said one Nazi version of the next raid on Boulogne.

"The fighting on land only lasted eight minutes!" said a spokesman on the German wireless.

"After an hour the British were forced to withdraw," screamed the German Press.

Which is it, then, Dr. Goebbels?

The boast of the "impregnable coast" is also abandoned. "Such small raids cannot be entirely prevented," is the latest Goebbels subterfuge.

But problems of the German home front, his principal domain, are even more pressing.

He has promised Hitler that the German home front will stand firm.

He has presented the German people as standing united behind the Government.

He has exhorted them to accept every decision, every order, silently, with blind faith, without asking any questions.

Restive People

To-day we get a very different impression of the German people at war, and we owe it exclusively to Dr. Goebbels. Listening to his speeches (over the wireless), reading his weekly articles in *Das Reich*, I learn more of German morale than trained observers inside Germany could tell us.

"Yes," Goebbels moans, "we have made mistakes!"

It is an astonishing admission coming from one who has always proclaimed that all decisions in Germany are made by Hitler and that Hitler, of course, is infallible.

"The people are blaming us (the Nazi Government) for many things," he writes, "but surely they cannot blame us for the weather!"

The weather held up the German advance in Russia. And now the weather has caused a serious food shortage in Germany.

Indeed, until I read Goebbels' own story, I never realised how bad the food position in Germany is.

When he meekly explained the necessity of reducing the food rations "at an inopportune moment," he suddenly admitted that the last two harvests in Germany were disappointing (At the time of the harvests he had described them as bumper crops!)

Then he revealed a serious shortage of potatoes, the German staple diet.

All this after boasting that, however long the war may last, food rations in Germany would never be reduced.

You talk too much, Dr. Goebbels!

They Grumble!

And how is the well-disciplined German people taking it?

Goebbels tells us:

"In times of crisis," he says, "the political position in Germany is always difficult. Germans are politically not a very well-educated people."

Thus, straight from the horse's mouth, we learn that the German master race, drilled and trained by Nazi educators, is politically not sound!

But this is not all!

According to Dr. Goebbels, the German master race is behaving shockingly

They criticise. They grumble. They quarrel with one another.

They are impolite, inconsiderate, rough and even violent

There are other things which make Goebbels' life difficult. "The whole world," he says, "admires the German genius for organisation." But if Germans would only organise what must be organised!

Goebbels complains that Germans won't use the telephone for simple business transactions or dealings with Government Departments, because they dare not accept any responsibilities without written, signed and counter-signed correspondence. So the files pile up and nothing gets done.

That happens when a people has been told for years to leave decisions to the State, which alone takes the responsibility for everything.

Now the German people are simply not making any decisions and are holding up the war, and Germany, so beautifully organised, gets more chaotic every day!

Obviously, Goebbels thinks that words are not now sufficient to keep the German house in order.

He has decided on a new line of propaganda. It is the propaganda of terror which Hitler announced in his recent speech.

Crimes and punishment of trivial offences are being "advertised in the German Press."

Hitler asked judges not to be sympathetic with the German people.

Goebbels sees to it that the German people should be made drastically aware of the new course of terror.

He orders editors to threaten would-be offenders with the concentration camp. The executioner's axe is the chief instrument of Goebbels' propaganda

But apart from this terror propaganda at home, Goebbels still resorts to his old lies where the German people cannot check the truth of his statements

Propaganda Bombs

Every heavy R.A.F. raid on Germany is followed by a vivid description of a German revenge raid on Britain. Goebbels is forced to use up the limited German bomber resources for propaganda purposes.

It neatly sums up Goebbels' failure.

He threatens the German people because he can no longer persuade them.

He bombs Britain—to appease the German people.

A week or so ago the S.S. regiment bearing his name, the military symbol of Goebbels' might, was badly beaten up on the Russian Front.

Yes, this war is making an end to everything Goebbels stands for.

And that includes Nazi Germany

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

CARELESS TALK STILL COSTS LIVES!

EIGHT spies have been caught in Britain since the war broke out—and all have paid the penalty.

There were the two who arrived in Banffshire by rubber boat. Another in the Home Counties by parachute. Yet another made the mistake of asking the way in earshot of a particularly astute Hertfordshire policeman.

Do you imagine that these are the only spies we have had here?

It seems hardly feasible. Hitler—pioneer of the Fifth Column—is ten times more cunning than the Kaiser ever knew how to be.

Then the more numerous spies caught in the last war—Carl Lody, ace of spies, among them—were caught because they used the mails to send messages to neutral countries.

Made Easier for Them

To-day you don't catch them that way. There is short-wave wireless now.

Most of the spies caught since this war began have had short-wave wireless transmitters which, fortunately, they have had no chance to use.

No, life is ten times easier for spies to-day. And it would be ridiculous to suppose that Hitler has sent only a few, all of whom had been caught.

What, therefore, of the others?

They are here. They move about listening to you, me, and more stupid people than either of us.

They don't necessarily confine themselves to people who know. They learn from the friend of the cousin of the man who met somebody who happens to know.

And that, sent to Berlin by short wave, is just as good as any other information.

Is it useful information?

You know very well, if you have had food or drink in a public place, or have travelled in a public conveyance, that it most definitely is.

Do you remember our paratroop attack on the south of Italy a year ago?

That was a comparative failure. Quite a number of British boys lost their lives. And the results were far less than we had every right to expect.

Somebody Talked

One of the men landed was a Soho Italian who loved this country, the country of his adoption.

The Italians shot him.

This is official: that story would have been a vastly different one if somebody hadn't talked.

Not necessarily somebody malicious. Ten to one it was somebody just stupid.

But—somebody talked.

Somebody talked in the last war when we planned the attack on the Dardanelles.

The cost must be counted in scores of thousands so far as the attack itself was concerned.

Failure made the war last much longer. Everybody who lost a son, a father, a husband in the last few months of the last war can therefore say: He died because somebody talked.

There's even more talking to-day.

People feel relieved that the situation is a hundred times easier than after Dunkirk—so they allow their tongues to wag.

A woman reader writes to us: "I know everything worth knowing about three new munition and aircraft factories in this district, because a loud-mouth on the 'bus told everybody about it."

Another reader writes: "I went out to see a convoy assembling. I knew it was going to assemble, because I heard a sailor telling a whole café full of people so."

We get dozens of letters like that. They are so similar that it would weary you to quote more.

Just stupidity, most of it.

Another reader has a son who is a prisoner of war in Germany.

Silence a Fool

The lad wrote home.

He expressed his interest in the fact that his brother had joined the R.A.F.—and gave the address of his brother's aerodrome.

Why? Somebody dangerously silly—these are the words of the reader, mother of two serving sons—had written telling him the address.

The prisoner of war son wrote telling his mother—possibly as a hint to her to silence a fool.

We were told of a doctor who had been called out to help Army doctors in giving a particular type of inoculation to thousands of troops.

An inoculation is against a particular disease. Diseases are common to particular countries.

Within a week a whole county seethed with the news: "All the divisions in this district are being sent to ——."

First news of a second front in Europe might well reach the Nazis in this way.

The War Office is worried by the Service chatter in pubs, clubs, restaurants, and other public places.

They seek one big court-martial that will help to bring the danger home to all ranks.

But the Army is no worse than any other section of the community.

Wherever you find human vanity, there you find careless talk. And it kills—kills British boys.

It was punished severely when the war broke out. Then sentences were either reduced or washed out altogether.

Perhaps the time has come again to impose stiff sentences as a deterrent.

Accommodation Addresses

FOR as long as I can remember, large numbers of people have been imposed upon every year by schemers who operate from accommodation addresses.

It was bad enough in peace days. That nothing should be done to put it down in war time is deplorable.

★ ★ ★

I recently warned readers against a concern called The Kastraka Studios, which apparently functions from a well-known address in the Strand, W.C.2.

Imposing letter-headings suggest commodious offices there, but actually the man behind the scenes merely sends along for letters once or twice a week.

He offers stupid people "a full reading of your future years" for ten shillings, or a "complete horoscope" from £1 downwards.

If you don't buy for, say, a pound, he'll very kindly send you a follow-up letter in which he offers the same bargain for half the price.

Information now reaches me that hundreds of letters, many of them addressed in poor and illiterate handwriting, have lately been arriving at the Strand address. The authorities should pay immediate attention to this obvious racket.

The tricks employed by accommodation address experts are as varied as they are cruel.

For instance, there is the man who pretends he has been called up and wants to find a good home for his beloved dog. The bait is £1 for its lead and carriage. When that's been sent nothing more is heard.

There's the matrimonial agency, willing to put Servicemen in touch with members of the opposite sex; the so-called legal agency seeking heirs to fortunes.

And the "infallible" racing informants; homework specialists; mythical job-finding concerns which offer information in return for an advance fee, and so on.

★ ★ ★

Proprietors of accommodation addresses—often small shops in back street—are required, by law, to keep a register of the names and addresses of people for whom they receive letters.

As very often, these people give fictitious addresses and vanish before their victims realise they have been spoofed, this registration is merely a farce.

Some much more drastic action must be taken.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR: *Mrs. Sylvia M. Seager, Kingston Road, Ewell, Surrey, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information. Letters are welcomed about anything which requires investigation. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."*

No Orchids for Huns and Wops in Tokio

THERE are ruins in Tokio now. Excitable little air raid wardens who never expected to be called to duty are busying themselves ordering the people about, reading to them instructions about how to behave in case of another raid.

White men are looked upon suspiciously.

Not an Englishman, not an American, not a Dutchman is free, and all Europeans in Tokio are either Germans or Italians.

Yet the Japanese are not treating them so nicely.

They are not allowed to travel outside the district where they live. To go from Tokio to Yokohama, a trip of less than thirty minutes, they need a permit which Jap officials take a few weeks to make out.

"Acquiring" Homes

But the Axis Europeans in Tokio, true to their European form, have quickly exploited the new alliance with Japan.

Like a swarm of locusts they have descended on the houses and flats of interned Anglo-Saxons.

But these white men of the Axis rarely leave their newly "acquired" flats and houses.

They grumble because they must speak Japanese if they use the telephone.

Few of them *can* speak Japanese, which means that they cannot communicate with their friends over the telephone. "We are lonelier every day," moans a prominent German writing from Tokio. "Links between Europeans in Tokio are gradually breaking!"

And he proceeds to give a picture of war time Tokio.

You do not see any soldiers in the streets. As soon as they are called up they leave the town. The next thing one hears of them is when "a brave soul" is being delivered to the relatives.

"A brave soul" is an urn with the ashes of a fallen Japanese warrior—and they keep coming into Tokio at a bigger rate than is generally realised in Europe. Japan has many brave souls. They are all dead.

Then there is the scramble for "kipus."

Kipus, chief topic of conversation, is the Japanese ration card. Hardly any European country at war is so severely rationed as Japan. There are kipus for rice, bread, flour, sugar; kipus for two bottles of beer per month, kipus for clothes.

Bewildered by Sirens

The people of Tokio, who had not taken much notice of the long war with China, were bewildered when the first siren sounded.

But that was when the American navy raided a Japanese island nearly a thousand miles away from Tokio.

Officials, at the time, tried to placate the excited people. It was just a precaution,' they said, and hinted with an air of reassurance: "It really can't happen here!"

In the meantime it HAS happened—and the Japanese do not like it.

And it is going to happen again.

The warrior race of the East, which has waged war for ten years without knowing what war is, is now getting a taste of it.

The last reports from Tokio suggest that it has made the Japanese people more peace-minded than they have ever been before in their lives!

SHORT SHORT STORY . . . . By ANTHONY GREY

Lower than the Ladder

THE first blow occurred when George and his wife went into conference on the matter of making both ends meet—and George lost.

"We've got to cut down," said George's wife. "We've got to cut down in every possible way, if we hope to come out of this war with any money at all."

"But we *have*," George protested. "The car's gone. We've moved into this small house. I've given up cigars. How can we cut down more?"

"*I*," said his wife, "have given up everything. I can do no more. You must."

So firm about it! George looked at the carpet. She had always been a firm woman, but in the good times gone, with plenty of money to spare, she could be firm and he still have his fun. But now it looked like being firmness and nothing but.

"Damn the war!" thought George.

"There's one thing *you* can do, and that thing you *must* do," said his wife. "You must *stop* going to Heather's for lunch."

"Stop going to Heather's for lunch?" He stared at her as if she had suddenly gone insane.

"Seven-and-sixpence for lunch!" said his wife. "It's ridiculous in these times, with business as it is."

"But it's because of business that I have to go there," he protested. "I can't advertise the fact that things are going to pot."

"Soon," said his wife, "there'll be nothing left to advertise! Now, George, I've gone over this until I'm tired of talking. We've got to cut down now—not next week. And that's the first thing on the list. No more lunches at Heather's! After all, you didn't always go there."

Which made George think. It made him think in vivid flashes, right back to the beginning of things. Even to the Red Royal Dining Room.

The Red Royal Dining Room. . . . "The Cheapest Lunch in London!"

NEARLY thirty years ago, that was. When they had first come up to town and he was just starting. When a shilling had to buy a shilling's-worth and show good value. When a combined room in Chiswick was what they called home.

Yes, he remembered. The Red Royal Dining Room. With its plain tables and its thick cups and plates and its thick air. How he had hated it!

He must have been ambitious all his life, for he could remember thinking, the first time he ever went into the Red Royal Dining Room, that he wouldn't stand *that* for more than a year or so if he could help it.

And he hadn't. Less than the twelvemonth had seen him lunching at the Old Rose. Eighteenpence, but worth it.

And less than three years had seen him at Plummer's. Half-a-crown it had been at Plummer's, but it gave you a feeling. You felt you were going up the ladder. Why, at that rate you might be lunching at the Star and Crown, at five bob a go, almost any time.

Good old daydreams! It had taken him ten years to get to the Star and Crown, but he had got there in the end. Only—it hadn't been the end. His daydreams had gone on, and almost at once he had set his eye on the king of them all—Heather's.

To lunch at Heather's meant that you'd got there. Only the men at the very top lunched at Heather's regularly. To lunch at Heather's, to take clients to lunch at Heather's, even to be seen at Heather's was as good as belonging to a first-class club. It was a seal. It was a sort of badge of prosperity.

He crept to the Old Rose through back alleys so that business friends should not see and know and talk to one another

And with George it had come off. He had reached the top and he had stayed at the top. And for more than fifteen years he had lunched at Heather's. He wondered madly how many hundreds of pounds he had spent there in the time.

"Well?" said his wife, more firmly than ever.

"Oh, all right," said George, gloomily. He was beaten and he knew it. But damn the war, all the same!

"Right!" said his wife. "That's settled."

And settled it was. And George went back to the Star and Crown after fifteen years, telling himself that the end of the world had come.

But it hadn't, because the war went on; and business passed from the depressing to the awful, and George and his wife went into another conference.

"What now?" thought George.

"George," said his wife, "we've got to cut down. I've let the maid go. I'm running the house myself as best I can. I've been thinking things over. Business is half what it was a year ago. It's twice what it will be in a year's time. I can't afford to have a maid. You can't afford to lunch at the Star and Crown."

"Do you mean—do you mean," said George shakily, "that I should go back to Plummer's?"

"There is nothing else for it," said his wife.

"But—but I'd never dare to hold my head up again!"

"Then walk about with your head down!"

He argued. At least he tried to argue. But as the years had passed his wife had seemed to become firmer and firmer, and the business of standing up to her more and more difficult. He gave way, as always now he gave way.

AND the next day, really with his head down, he crept back to Plummer's.

"This is the end of the world!" he said.

But it wasn't.

Still the war went on, and business was no longer awful. It was frightening. It was so frightening that a third conference happened to George, and almost before he knew where he was, he was back in the days of twenty-five years before, taking his daily lunch at the Old Rose.

It was a terrible blow. He crept to the Old Rose through back alleys so that business friends should not see and know and talk to one another.

When he met them he told lies. For how could he tell the truth? He—good old George, lucky old George, prosperous old George—lunching at the Old Rose!

"It's ghastly!" said George. "It just couldn't be worse!"

But it could. . . .

For business turned even farther to the bad, and *another* conference was called.

"Now look here, my dear," said George. "It's no use. I'm doing what I can, and I'm willing to keep on. But there's a limit. I know what you're going to suggest—that I economise even more and start to lunch at the Red Royal Dining Room. Well, I tell you straight—I won't do it!"

"The Red Royal Dining Room was good enough for you when we were young," said his wife.

But for once in his life George was firm.

"I will not go back to lunching at the Red Royal Dining Room," he declared. "Never! That would be to confess I'm finished. I won't do it!"

"Very well, George," said his wife. "Then you must take over. If you won't give way and take your lunch at a place which was quite good enough for you thirty years ago I must wash my hands of the whole affair. You earn the money. You shall have the spending of it."

And George, to his own surprise, raised his voice.

"It might, that way, go a little farther!" he said.

"I hope it does," said his wife.

And the following Monday was about the brightest Monday George had known since the war started. He had all the money in his pocket for the first time for years, and he could do what he liked about it. He could lunch at the Old Rose and no questions asked at home.

And he did.

And on Tuesday. And Wednesday.

BUT on the Wednesday night he went over the bills and began to wonder what he had done with this half-crown and that shilling and the other sixpence. He began to turn a little pale.

"Not so easy as it looks, housekeeping, is it?" said his wife.

"I wish you'd take it over again, my dear," said George.

"Go to the Red Royal Dining Room for your lunch," said his wife.

"Never!" said George.

"As you wish," said his wife. "By the way, the gas bill came in to-day."

"Gas bill?"

"I'll pass it on to you now."

At which George turned really pale, and went to bed and stayed awake all night.

And the next morning, all the way up in the train, he spent his time counting the money that was left in his pocket.

And at lunch time, almost blushing, he turned into the narrow alley he had once known so well and pulled up in front of the Red Royal Dining Room. The same horrible sign was there: "The Cheapest Lunch in London!" He could see the same horrible interior through the windows.

Outside, in a familiar brass frame, was the "Bill of Fare." He went over the items, one by one. . . .

"Well" said his wife when he got home, "did you lunch at the Red Royal Dining Room?"

"No!" said George. "I had a sandwich in a pub."

"And why?"

Sheepishly George looked away.

"I—er—the fact is, my dear—the Cheapest Lunch in London is beyond me now. I—I couldn't afford it."

Human Machine

NOT SO RIGHT

People often say of other people—with a sizeable sneer implied—that "They're making a virtue of necessity."

You know the sort of thing.

Someone suddenly has to do something he has always vowed he would never, never do.

Someone suddenly has to do without something he has always insisted he couldn't live without.

Someone suddenly has to stop doing something which has become almost second nature to him.

And they all pretend that they like it.

With that incurable impudence and fondness for poking our noses into other people's business that seems to distinguish most of us, we then gather round and sneer that "he's making a virtue of necessity."

Well, you know, we're not so right about that sneer.

When a person makes a virtue of necessity he's much sounder than those who sneer at him.

For he's going to summon to his aid all sorts of admirable allies in the shape of cheerfulness, optimism, patience, courage, willingness to try, adaptability, and all sorts of aids to endurance.

You can call it a species of self-hypnotism if you like, this making a virtue of necessity, and still you would be wrong to sneer at it and despise it.

For if you have to do something you dislike, you will find it easier and will do it better if you first convince yourself that you like it!

SHERLOCK HOLMESES OF SALVAGE

THEY wear no uniform, and they draw no pay—but Street Salvage Stewards are now ranking among the most important people in the war effort.

We hear of thoroughfares that are supplying ten, twelve times as much salvage now that a steward has been appointed.

Many stewards, having made their own streets 100 per cent. efficient, write to us about national aspects of salvage.

One offers excellent advice in connection with the all-important rubber-saving campaign now beginning.

"Collect the rubber mats used for darts," he says. "You can play just as well with a chalk tick on the floor.

"There are hundreds of thousands of these mats in the clubs, pubs, hotels, etc., of the country, each containing many pounds of rubber."

Another sends us details of an R.A.O.C. depot where big quantities of old camouflage material—dyed string netting, sacking, etc.—are burnt every day. He says the same happens at other depots.

We have a sample of the stuff. It is quite good enough for the camouflaging of factories, dumps, and so on.

The Ministry of Supply can have details—and the sample mentioned.

This keenness of street salvage stewards is real win-the-war stuff.

And *you* can become one—men, women, everybody with a little time and a lot of common-sense and enthusiasm. Write and ask your local authority. Or, better still, call at your town hall.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

AS many British boys as available shipping can carry are on their way to distant battlefields. And most of them go East.

So thousands of homes can read the diary we give below with the knowledge: this is what is happening to him.

It was written to Mrs. Sylvia Grant, Newbridge, Wrexham, by her N.C.O. husband—a story multitudes of British soldiers will one day tell their children:

Here we are on the briny. Stomach squeamish, and old salts say you can get this feeling after 20 years' sailoring.

A small rowing boat passed near—apparently survivors from some lost ship.

English population at ——— turned out in style and gave troops a great time.

When we went on morning route marches they shouted, cheered and threw packets of 50 cigarettes to us.

We were taken out and stood as many drinks as we liked. Motored in beautiful big car, and dined like lords.

★ ★ ★

Sea again. I think you *might* get accustomed. Last big swell I hardly noticed.

Heat terrific. Perspiration is in streams. Have two sea-water baths a day, but water too warm to help.

Wish you could see the sunsets. They are wonderful. They silence you. I won't try to put them in words. And the stars! You seem to see one lot disappear and another lot come out of the sky, including the Southern Cross.

Swarms of fish—flying fish, porpoises, sharks, an occasional whale and one swordfish.

Clocks go backward and forward so often that you have to do a bit of calculating to know what you are doing at home.

★ ★ ★

Cairo! How little it must have changed since Bible days. Same long robes! Same women with pitchers on heads or riding donkeys.

Main streets like those of a large European city—but in the native quarters buildings are dried mud.

Everywhere desert—but it is no golden sand. Just dust, dust, and more dust.

After terrific heat I was surprised to see clouds. It looked like Old England again.

Saw a boy sauntering with two camels meekly following. Boy stopped to gossip—camels walked on. Boy shouted a word, and camels came to standstill and waited.

Visited the Pyramids. Very impressive. Learn they used to have a covering of alabaster, but some guy peeled it off.

Saw a chap trying to shepherd his wives over the road. Not easy, for he had twenty. After several attempts they joined hands and, with much outcry, trooped across.

★ ★ ★

Have rented a small bedstead for shilling a week. It has turned nightmare into pleasure.

Great News—it has RAINED. Not much, but everybody cheered like mad.

Have now acquired a whisky-box (without bottles). It is my bedroom furniture.

Excursion to Ahmed Soliman's scent shop. He is famous.

I had to test ten scents—and he wouldn't let them mix. Ten spots on ten different parts of the body! Told smell stays for ten days. As I still smell strongly after long time in the open air, I believe it.

Mounted a high ridge for the finest view in Egypt.

I carved my name in an ancient fort—and one day we must go up there together to see it, for it will still be there.—Roddy.

THE WHITE MAN

And now an R.A.F. letter from England—in fact, from a patient in the R.A.F. Hospital at Rauceby, Sleaford, Lincs. We have been asked not to give his name:

We have a patient who is not a white man by colour, but he's a white man in every other way.

He has brought his Bible and Prayer-book into the ward (where he is the only man to receive Holy Communion).

He will not have wireless turned off, or other fellows stop talking, when he prays—which is regularly.

He just puts his hands together and closes his eyes and prays in silence. And we white men went out to teach such as him!

HELP FOR PRINCE

It doesn't seem long since Emperor Haile Selassie and his family were in England—clinging to faint hopes of a return to Abyssinia.

Now Sapper W. M. Smith (55,052, East African Forces) writes telling his mother, Mrs. Robertson, of Bo'ness, West Lothian, Scotland, of his meeting with members of the Abyssinian Royal Family in their native country:

A huge landslide delayed our vehicles, and who should drive up but Haile Selassie's son, the grown-up Prince.

He said he was to have picked up his sister, Princess Zai, and I went back with him to where a section of the Ethiopian Army were sleeping so that he could make inquiries.

It was nearly midnight. I woke a colonel for him, and he left all the talking to his aide-de-camp and myself.

The Italians have spent millions upon millions of pounds improving Abyssinia for themselves—and now, thank heaven, they've lost the lot.

Not a Sleepy

Washington, once a peaceful centre of American government and social life, is to-day one of the busiest capitals in the world. This article gives you some idea of the changes that have made it seem like a thousand Whitehalls rolled into one.

By RALPH MICHAELIS

"THIS was just a sleepy southern village before the war," my Washington friends tell me, "where food was cheap and good, and life pleasant and leisurely."

To-day, a somewhat bewildered "village" finds itself the strategical directing centre of the most extensive battlefield in history, and fast expanding to the 1,000,000 population mark.

Washington is like no other city in the world. It has no industries whatever, but the greatest concentration of Government offices ever collected in one spot.

It is like 1,000 Whitehalls rolled into one, including St. James's Park, with a river twice as broad as the Thames at Richmond flowing through it.

Its carefully town-planned streets, providing a vista for each of its loveliest buildings, handle a traffic problem that makes Broadway (New York) and Piccadilly (London) look like village streets by comparison.

Slow Motion

Between 7.30 and 8 o'clock every morning the traffic crawls ten or twenty yards at a time in solid blocks of trams, 'buses, taxis, and private cars, all crammed to the doors, towards the Government offices, which start work at 8 o'clock.

It would be quicker to walk but for the fact that there are traffic lights every 100 yards, and the pedestrian is not allowed to cross against those lights, with the result that it often takes an hour to walk a mile!

The question of living accommodation is a nightmare.

In every hotel luggage is piled high in the lobbies, while its owners wait for rooms to be vacated by their predecessors.

A room at any of the leading hotels costs at least £2 a night, and there is no breakfast thrown in as there is in Britain.

Rents for houses and rooms are tremendous. I know several senior American officials who pay more for their houses or apartments than their salaries amount to.

With clerks earning twenty-five

". . . where food was cheap and good, and life pleasant and leisurely."

dollars a week, about £5 at par, with an equivalent purchasing power in Washington to-day of about £2 10s., the situation is very difficult. Usually the junior officials live two and three to a room.

There are queues everywhere—queues to get into Government Departments, queues to get out again, queues to get into restaurants and bars and cinemas, queues to get into hotels.

Officials working in the Government Departments wear a badge with their photograph and registration number displayed on it; but every casual visitor has to wait in a queue to obtain a temporary badge before he can get into the building. It often takes half an hour and more to get into a Government Department.

There are 1,000 British officials working on the fifteen main British commissions and countless sub-commissions, in addition to 5,000 locally engaged Americans.

Oldest Inhabitant!

The oldest of these commissions is the British Purchasing Commission, which set the American war industry on its feet, before the Americans came into the war, with £1,000,000,000 worth of cash-and-carry orders.

Now there are also the R.A.F. Delegation, representing the Air Ministry; the British Air Commission, representing the Ministry of Aircraft Production; the Military Mission, representing the War Office; the British Press Service, representing the Ministry of Information, etc.

This miniature Whitehall is distributed in hotels, apartment houses, and odd buildings all over Washington, and the question of office and living accommodation is a persistent headache to all concerned.

Now the Sleepy Southern Village has suddenly gone gay. Streets that before the war were deserted at 10 p.m. every night resound with sounds of revelry until the early hours of the morning, as the celebrants move from one of the new dancing places or night bars to another.

The spate of private dinner parties has evoked a great deal of criticism lately—especially among those who were not invited!

You do not see any British officials in

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

THERE should be no luxury hotels and restaurants in war time—yet here they are pleading for the right to charge more than controlled prices for food on the grounds of their high overheads! Is this "austerity"?—E. C. James, Uxbridge Road, W.

★ ★ ★

School registers have to be kept ten years on Board of Education order. A brief summary of their contents would do just as well. So why not release hundreds of thousands of these heavy books for salvage?—C. Brett, Hill Road, Portchester.

★ ★ ★

Local factory advertises 100 vacancies—"no work at all Saturdays and Sundays." That represents a waste of man- and woman-power.—W. Davis, Canvey, Essex.

★ ★ ★

Official suggestion: That bone bins be put in residential thoroughfares. With the hot weather approaching—phew! Why not let butchers call for last week's bones, as other tradesmen call for the empties?—Miss R. L., Apsley Terrace, Cirencester, E. Glos.

★ ★ ★

My son, a skilled engineer, hasn't worked more than half-time this year—has chance to go to a firm that can give him full time. Yet he can't get release.—C. Y. M., Wyncliff Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

★ ★ ★

I read an advertisement of Army officer's outfit for sale, "suit man about 5 ft. 7 in.—slim figure." And suit spy or Fifth Columnist!—B. E., Reading.

★ ★ ★

Two hundred Plymouth people with loved ones in enemy hands have started a Guild of Relatives of Prisoners of War: Object, to meet, exchange information and sympathy, and do all possible for the lads. Other cities, please copy.—C. E. N., Plymouth.

Village Now!

the night haunts; nor are they able to entertain in the lavish wartime style of the American capital.

Owing to dollar exchange restrictions, and the retention of part of their pay in England, our officials have to live very economically. There are no dollars for hitting the high-spots.

The British out here are Uncle Sam's poor relations, which is a bit embarrassing, because poor relations are liable to become a trifle tedious to even the most indulgent uncle after the first couple of years.

The natives of Washington are as easy-going as ever, and, unlike the New York shopkeepers, who seldom waste time on superfluous courtesies during business hours, they always have a smile and a cheery word for the customer.

There are thousands of newspapermen representing the world's Press, and the National Press Club is taking in between twenty-five and forty new members weekly on premises not much larger than those of the Press Club in London.

18th-Century Blues

Apart from the cable, which the cable companies tell me has long since passed the peak of business reached in the last war, communication with London is still in the 18th-century era.

It takes anything up to six weeks, for instance, for a letter from a United States Government Department to reach its counterpart in London, or for a letter from the British Embassy in Washington to reach the Foreign Office in London, or *vice versa*.

In fact, George the Third, whose difficulties with his "American Colonies" were largely difficulties of communication, could get more rapid written communication with his officials on this continent than the British Government can get with their Washington end to-day.

This situation, while quite incomprehensible to the layman, is regarded by the Civil Service as perfectly normal.

Practical Solution

One or two venturesome officials have to my knowledge suggested the institution of a special Government air mail, or, if that were not possible, then at least the services of a few King's Messengers to accompany the diplomatic bags, and see that they are not held up in the customary way with the other mail in transit. But the suggestion has always been turned down on the grounds of expense.

Yet the fares of a few flying King's Messengers, or even the charter of special 'planes for official mail, which would be the only really businesslike way of doing things, would not amount to a fraction of the cable bill consequent on delayed correspondence.

Meanwhile, accommodation is strained to the last square foot.

The Government, which occupies 358 buildings, of which the War Department uses thirty-five, is starting to disperse some of its offices into the country, just as we have done at home.

The President has already requested those who have no official reason for remaining in Washington to move into less congested areas; but the attraction of the capital as a social centre often overrides the most patriotic intentions of the merely decorative occupiers of valuable floor space, to whom Washington means now more than ever banquets, parties, and balls!

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHAT'S TRUE OF ITALY?

● Certainly it is true that Italy, were the masses of the people consulted, would have been out of the war months ago. They are dissatisfied, short of the things they like best, and disillusioned. Dreams of "Empire" are dead.

Besides, except as police, Mussolini's forces are now practically ineffective.

We might have increased the chance of revolt—but our Foreign Office understands nothing of mass psychology. It still seems to think in the tea-cup age of diplomacy.

Mussolini, now dependent for his power on the *Gestapo* sent in to crush any rising, may be overthrown by a combination of monarchists, high officers, and dissatisfied members of his own Party.

Meanwhile, peace feelers are always being put out by way of the Vatican.

But it is Allied policy to treat the three Axis Powers as one, and to make peace only when they throw off all semblance of Fascism. For it is that, not nations, with which we are at war.

WHY PENALISE THE AGED?

● The extra tax on tobacco comes as a final blow to old-age pensioners. Even before it was imposed, they were by far the worst victims of high prices. Ten shillings a week—and that is all most of them get!—goes nowhere in these days.

Now another form of charity has started—collecting-boxes in tobacconists' shops so that the old people can get their smokes at the former price.

"Why not a free issue to pensioners?" asks a reader.

But all pensioners do not smoke. That might start a minor racket—or at least the fear of one.

The only way out is to increase the pensions. But that you will never get the Chancellor to do.

WHEN WILL THE REVOLT BEGIN?

● We are constantly hearing on the air, and reading in the papers, about the secret army of revolt that awaits the hour of summons.

"How big is it?" I am asked.

People expert in the underground methods by which resistance is kept alive assure me that it far exceeds in number what the British public think.

They are always receiving by subterranean channels news of the wholesale sabotage carried on in German factories and of the overturned trains.

If a British army landed anywhere—and this is particularly true of Norway—it would be met by thousands of patriots only too anxious to join it.

They have maps, many have hidden arms.

They await, hope always burning in their breasts, the Army of Liberation.

Hitler's latest speech proved that he has had nightmare dreams already.

Yes, literally millions yearn for the hour when they can join in revolt. But without armed help from outside it would fail.

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

If she is going to harp on the idea that she has made a great sacrifice for duty's sake she will be miserable

SHE MUSTN'T ACT LIKE A MARTYR

Says Humanist

WITHOUT wasting space on unnecessary words, I want this week to deal with three very human problems. The first comes from a widow who is worried about her daughter.

She is to be married shortly, *writes the mother,* **but during the last few weeks I have noticed a great change in her. She has confided to me that her affections towards her fiancé have cooled. She still likes him, but does not love him. But she is going through with the wedding, because it would break his heart if she told him the truth.**

The man is risking his life at sea, and she feels it her duty to keep her promise. I think it will mean eventual misery for them both. What would you advise me to do?

Since the girl is determined to marry the man, the mother's problem is out of her hands. She can only hope for the best.

But there are two facts that ought to console her in her anxiety. The first is that a marriage based upon romantic or passionate love is no guarantee of permanent happiness, and the second is that thousands of "arranged" weddings have proved to be both successful and happy.

There are more enduring qualities in a successful marriage than passionate adoration.

The girl can make a success of the marriage if she is honest with herself and accepts the facts; but if she is going to harp on the idea that she has made a great sacrifice for duty's sake, she will be miserable.

Everything depends upon her attitude.

THE next problem is sent by a man.

One of my friends, *he writes,* **is in a very good position, but apparently it would be even better if his wife would help him. She takes no interest in his career at all.**

Quite recently his manager told him that promotions were about, but the firm would want a man who could have a certain amount of entertaining done. The wife flatly refused to entertain in any way. She said the firm employed the husband, not the wife, and if they wanted entertaining done they must hire a room in a café or restaurant. It was not going to be done in her home.

Don't you consider this wife is a little thoughtless and selfish? What do you think the man should do?

The wife's conduct does look like selfishness on the face of it, but I believe the explanation should go deeper.

Nearly every woman would enjoy playing hostess and helping her husband to a better position if she could do it successfully. That "if" is the determining factor.

I imagine that this wife is afraid of the ordeal, fearing that she would be a failure, and rather than admit the truth she invents excuses.

HERE is another problem which may strike some readers as rather quaint. It comes from a young man.

I am very fond of my fiancée, *he says,* **but her behaviour is often very puzzling.**

For instance, a mutual friend had a young lamb, intending to keep it as a pet, but unfortunately it died. My fiancée loved that little lamb intensely, and she hasn't stopped mourning for it since. It upset her terribly.

Now this is the point that is bewildering me: the other day one of her relatives passed away, and it did not affect her half as much as the loss of that lamb. This strikes me as very unnatural. Doesn't it seem so to you, Humanist?

Ought one to judge by theories or by facts?

In theory, one ought to grieve more deeply over a fellow-mortal than over any animal. In actual fact, thousands of people have felt the loss of an animal—a beloved dog or cat, for example—far more poignantly than that of a human being. It may seem unnatural and all wrong, but isn't it a fact in everyday experience?

I don't think the young man need worry unduly over his fiancée's behaviour. It seems fairly clear that her relative's death did not affect her deeply and she didn't pretend a grief which she did not feel. But she was genuinely fond of that lamb, and her distress when it died was real enough.

In other words, the girl was perfectly sincere, acting just as she felt instead of "acting" the part which conventional behaviour would have imposed upon her.

The writer can be happy in the knowledge that a girl like that will not suffer from inhibitions or get moody and neurotic.

For Freedom

PUT your heart into all that you do, that's the only way work succeeds. A job is just a lifeless thing—it's the beat of your heart that it needs. That will lift it out of its rut and will give it that something more *that will make it just the sort of job that is going to win this War.*

PUT you heart into all that you do, then whatever your task may be that extra bit that your heart has given will make for efficiency. There'll be something about your work that no humdrum stamp can efface, and you'll earn that much-prized tag: "No one can take your place."

PUT your heart into all that you do, for it sort of makes things live; it's not just the way you do your work, it's that extra bit that you give that makes a connecting-rod between your task and you. If EVERYONE put their hearts in their jobs, the War would soon be through!

SO put your heart in your job, though it may seem dull and remote, for it's every job in every place that will sound each winning note, in the Symphony of Toil in which all must play their part, if we're to Win this War for Freedom and keep Freedom in our Heart. J. M.

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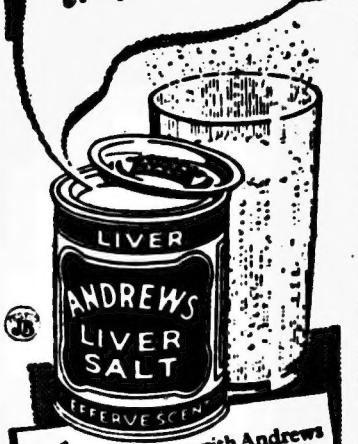

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(18)

THE LAST LAUGH

T. J. (Manchester). — "Films seem to be getting longer and longer and have more characters.' One of these days somebody may have the bright idea of dramatising the Telephone Directory.

B. C. (Wantage).—"On my last camping holiday my tent blew away and then we had trouble with the police." For having no fixed abode?

NATURALIST (Kew).—"I was interested to read that a tortoise in a New York Zoo has grown a double shell." A.R.P. is spreading everywhere.

E. O (London, N.).—"I once had a job with an advertising agency to find suitable places on which to put posters." Did you ever think of the ceilings of ice-rinks that are so often scanned by people learning to skate?

J. A. (Rochester).—"When I went hiking with my wife the summer before the war we passed many picturesque old inns." You passed them because you were hiking with your wife, we suppose.

W. K. (Kennington).—"I called at your office on Easter Sunday, but you were not there." Very thoughtful of you. Call again next Easter Sunday, will you?

V. A. (Stourbridge).—"I would like to go up in an aeroplane if I were certain I would come down all right." Well, we have never heard of an aeroplane failing to come down.

GUARD (Morden). — "I have noticed that ash-trays provided in railway carriages are seldom used." Married men probably get a kick out of deliberately flicking the ash on to the floor.

ARTHUR (Yeovil).—"As a schoolboy, I was severely caned for refusing to sit for an examination." We should imagine that the punishment had the effect of making you even more disinclined to sit for an examination.

PRIVATE (Surrey).—"My home town is half a mile from the camp where I am stationed, and our sergeant hails from the same place." His voice must carry, even for a sergeant.

K. B. (Stockwell).—"A revue which had a very lukewarm reception is to be rewritten." In fact, we understand that heavy reinforcements of authors are already in action.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

"Yeah, this is a 'Jeep.' Maybe you'd like me to take yer some place so you can see what it can do over rough territory."

Side-Slips

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The daily bread ration for . . . and suburbs has been reduced from THREE to FIVE ounces according to category. . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . joint holder of the world's indoor mile record, cannot be an air PLOT in U.S. because of sight deficiency."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—". . . said that the CAR could only be shortened by appealing to the German workers to revolt against Hitler."

THE NORTHERN ECHO:—"Snowdrops, which came late, lingered long, but they are now over. The DIARIES, however, are making their appearance to put stars of white among the grasses."

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● Before the war, James Dust earned his living as a lorry driver, supporting his wife and one little girl of four. He volunteered for service and was passed A1 for the Army. While awaiting his call-up in 1940 he was very severely injured in an air raid. Taken to hospital suffering from multiple lacerations on back, arm and face, he eventually had to have both legs amputated.

Now discharged from hospital, fitted with artificial limbs and supplied with a hand-propelled chair, he is still terribly helpless, as the district in which he lives is very hilly and he cannot get even a mile away from home.

The only thing which would enable this unfortunate young man to enjoy a little more freedom is the possession of a self-propelling chair. We appeal to more fortunate readers to send donations for this purpose, earmarked "Hilly," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously. Every penny sent is passed on to those in need, for all administration charges are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Result of "BULLETS" 1,320

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Bullet: "To Master," To Serve.

£10: W. J. Piper, 3, Lockton Ave., Hesnor, Nottingham.
Example: In Search Of Way
Bullet: Out, Europe's Invader Goes.

£5: L. J. Simpson, 20, Acacia Drive, Thorpe Bay, Essex.
Billions—"Put Into Bonds" To-day

£4: H. J. Smith, 10, Raeburn Close, London, N.W.11.
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Dad Knows—"Desert Fighting"—Got Allotment!

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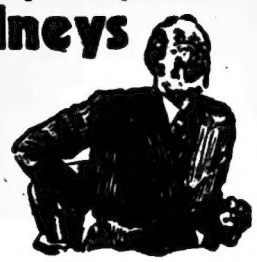

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	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1	AVERAGE SHOPKEEPER SEES HIS WINDOWS ARE REGULARLY	C L E A ■ E D			
2	IT'S BAD WHEN EXPENSIVE ONE FALLS AND IS SMASHED	■ P L A ■ E ■			
3	SOME PEOPLE HAVE A NATURAL GIFT FOR READING ONE	■ ■ M A ■ ■ ■			
4	IS SOMETIMES SUCH THAT IT GIVES AWAY WHOLE CHARACTER OF A MAN	■ T R A ■ T ■			
5	BOXES ARE OFTEN COMPLETELY FILLED BY THESE	B A L L ■ T S			
6	SOMETIMES GIVES US NEW NOTE AS CHANGE	■ B A N ■ ■ ■			
7	DEEP ONE HAS OFTEN TO BE HAMMERED IN	■ ■ P O ■ T ■			
8	IT'S CUSTOMARY TO KEEP SPECIAL ONE FOR USE OF MAYOR	C H A I ■ ■ ■			
9	THESE ARE FREQUENTLY SYSTEMATIC	■ ■ B E ■ S ■			
10	BIG STICK IS NECESSARY FOR	■ D R U ■ ■ ■			
11	IF YOU HIRE A BADLY LEAKING BOAT YOU'LL PROBABLY DO THIS	■ ■ ■ B ■ I L			
12	MAY WELL MAKE YOU ROCK	■ ■ C O ■ ■ ■			
13	THE VALUE OF THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRIFLING	B A W B ■ E ■			
14	MAY SOMETIMES BE DESCRIBED AS A STAGGERING ODE	■ ■ L U ■ C H			

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ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

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PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others: £20 | £10 | £5 | £4 | £3 | £2 | 38/- | 36/- | 34/- | 32/- | 30/- | 20 of 10/- | 50 of 2/6 etc. | 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, MAY 29

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,320 appears on page 14

VICTORY IN 1942
TASK BEFORE US
FIGHTING LIKE MAD
HITLER'S WAY
WHILST THERE'S TIME
LAVAL
FOR OUR TROUBLE
AMONGST MEN
ON WAR WORK
WHAT SHALL WE DO IF
SOLVED THE PROBLEM
BEER IS DEAR, BUT
SHIP'S COMEDIAN
LUCKILY
WASTE MUST STOP, SO
BOLD POLICY
THINK IT OVER AND
HOPELESS MUDDLE
TOO OFTEN
FROM MORNING TO NIGHT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TROUBLE IN THE.....
PITY THE.....WHEN
GIRL I.....
IN THE OLD.....
PRICE OF.....
WHEN HE TRIED.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to abide in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee for 4 paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette".

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Closing Postmark 1,324 Mon., May 18

.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,324—or Xword No. 276
"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2 (Comp.)

British Gold

SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 2½ OZ.

Since taking

Fynnon Salt

"all stiffness and pain have gone" —says Hove lady...

"How much better I am since taking Fynnon Salt," says this lady, in a recent letter. *"Before I started taking Fynnon Salt I was nearly a cripple with a form of rheumatism in my right leg and after sitting for ½ hour I could hardly start to walk again. I am now able to go to a cinema. All stiffness and pain have gone."G.B.*

Fynnon is Nature's Salt of the Earth. It washes away rheumatic acids and prevents them re-accumulating. That is why people find Fynnon Salt so very beneficial. Large tin, 1/6. Trial Size, 7d. Prices include Purchase Tax.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

Confidence...

Confidence both 'grim and gay' was another lesson the great Raleigh taught us. Confidence born of mastery.

History tells how Raleigh saucily greeted Philip's Invincible Armada with a couple of 'blurs' from his silver trumpet, though graver work came later, with overwhelming victory.

The Raleigh organisation owes much to confidence, born of mastery too. Research, unhalting progress, undeviating excellence, all contributed. A world-demand to-day supplies the sequel.

Distribution of Raleigh Cycles is at present limited, but in due time these famous Cycles will once again be available for all. They are well worth waiting for.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

BN330

Every Second COUNTS!

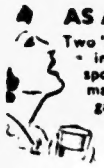
Freedom from Petty Ills & Chills Nowiness & Pain Means TIME SAVED & PRODUCTION MAINTAINED

A sense of urgency is aroused among the people. The need for quick action is realised by all. Everywhere people are answering the call—getting on with the job. The ideal of service flashes through the consciousness of the race. 'ASPRO', too, is getting on with the job. Its quick action and speedy results are in keeping with the spirit of the times. Millions know the services 'ASPRO' renders—soothing pain away in a flash—calming the nerves—keeping people free from petty ills and chills. That's how 'ASPRO' plays its part, by saving workers from the need to lie up, helping to keep the wheels of industry turning full speed. To everyone who is working for Victory the 'ASPRO' message is "EVERY SECOND COUNTS" and when necessity arises 'ASPRO' will help you to make it count.

'ASPRO'

Helps the Nation by Helping the Workers!

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE



Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

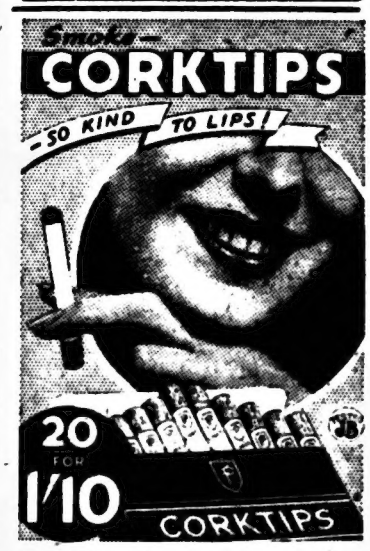
"WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD." WORKERS HELPED

Miss CONSTANCE SPENCER writes:—"'ASPROS' have proved their value to me in the long ago but they are worth their weight in gold to me in these trying times. In the big canteen where I work at an aircraft factory there's over 500 dinners served out every day and I notice 'ASPRO' get ... ed almost every day as well, for I've told the ... workers that they can't do better for the ... than take 'ASPROS'."

(Address ... reasons of public security.)

'ASPRO' PRICES ... 3½

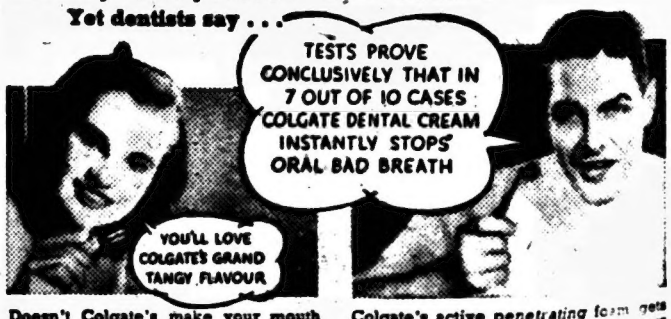
THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 2/6½



SOMETHING EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW...

Bad Breath robs you of romance...friends...success. For the tragic thing is that others always detect it before you do yourself. And it's such a *common* fault!

Yet dentists say...


TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH
YOU'LL LOVE COLGATE'S GRAND TANGY FLAVOUR

Doesn't Colgate's make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? You can see for yourself that your teeth are much brighter, much more sparkling? What a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath!

Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath!

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

2 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.

Including Tax

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